"HISTORY OF THE WORLD - PART I"

Written by

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"HISTORY OF THE WORLD - PART I"

"THE SPANISH INQUISITION"

1 ENGRAVING 1

WE OPEN ON a painting of a medieval church/fortress.

2 A LINE OF HOODED MONKS 2

carrying torches enters the fortress through the massive wooden gates which are opened to admit them. THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON the painting. WE HEAR A NARRATOR'S VOICE OVER.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
The year was 1489. The Black Plague ravaged the continent. Thousands died every day. The prevailing thought was that God was punishing the people for their evil doings. A wave of religious fervor swept the land. In Spain, especially, all those who did not convert to the ways of the true church were tortured and made to suffer horrible deaths. It was the time of the Spanish Inquisition, and its chief inquisitor and most feared judge was the dreaded Torquemada.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

3 MASTER SHOT - INT. DUNGEON/TORTURE CHAMBER OF FORTRESS 3

The architecture of this enormous chamber is early Gothic, replete with great stone arches, supported by tremendous pillars. The line of hooded Monks ENTERS the chamber. They peel off, left and right, and solemnly march down the heavy staircase that encircles the glistening stone walls. As they slowly move down towards the bottom of the chamber:

CUT TO:

4 VARIOUS AREAS OF TORTURE 4

WE SEE Men on the rack; WE SEE Men in chains hung from the walls; WE SEE Torturers stoking the fires that heat their branding irons.

CUT BACK TO:

5 MASTER SHOT - DUNGEON/TORTURE CHAMBER 5

The procession has reached the bottom of the steps. A MONK raises his torch and makes an announcement.

MONK
All pay heed! Now enters his Holiness, Torquemada, The Grand Inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition!

All the Monks turn about and now in obeisance. TORQUEMADA ENTERS, a striking, hooded figure in long, scarlet robes. Torquemada nods to the Spokesman/Monk to continue.

MONK
Torquemada! Do not implore him for compassion. Torquemada! Do not beg him for forgiveness. Torquemada! Do not ask him for mercy.

TORQUEMADA
Let all those who wish to confess their evil ways and to accept and embrace the true church convert now or forever burn in hell! For now begins... THE INQUISITION!

WE HEAR A MUSICAL INTRO as Torquemada jumps from the balcony onto the top of a chute and neatly slides all the way down to the bottom of the torture chamber. He lands, just in time, to begin singing the first chorus of "The Inquisition" with a GROUP OF MONKS.

Cont.

5 Cont. 5 Cont.

TORQUEMADA
THE INQUISITION

TORQUEMADA/MONKS
LET'S BEGIN!

TORQUEMADA
THE INQUISITION

TORQUEMADA/MONKS
LOOK OUT, SIN!

TORQUEMADA
WE HAVE A MISSION
TO CONVERT THE JEWS!

On the word "Jews", he is joined by a little vocal group composed of FOUR MONKS to sing the fill.

FOUR MONKS
JEW, JEW, JEW, JEW, JEW, JEW,
JEWS!

TORQUEMADA
WE'RE GONNA TEACH THEM
WRONG FROM RIGHT!
WE'RE GONNA HELP THEM
SEE THE LIGHT!
AND MAKE AN OFFER
THAT THEY CAN'T REFUSE!

FOUR MONKS
THAT THE JEWS
JUST CAN'T REFUSE!

TORQUEMADA
CONFESS! DON'T BE BORING.
SAY YES! DON'T BE DULL.
HEY! A FACT YOU'RE IGNORING
IT'S BETTER TO LOSE YOUR SKULLCAP
THAN YOUR SKULL!

At that point, Torquemada has passed TWO JEWS hanging in chains on the wall.

TWO JEWS
(together)
OI, OI, GEVALT!

CUT TO:

6 TORQUEMADA AND A CHORUS OF MONKS 6

They sing together.

TORQUEMADA/MONKS
THE INQUISITION
WHAT A SHOW!
THE INQUISITION
HERE WE GO!
WE KNOW YOU'RE WISHIN'
THAT WE'D GO AWAY!

CUT TO:

7 SEVEN JEWS 7

Their heads, arms and legs are trapped in stocks.

SEVEN JEWS
GAYAVEC! GAYAVEC! GAYAVEC!

CUT BACK TO:

8 TORQUEMADA/MONKS 8

TORQUEMADA/MONKS
BUT THE INQUISITION'S HERE
AND IT'S HERE TO STAY!
THE INQUISITION
OH, BOY!
THE INQUISITION
WHAT JOY!
THE INQUISITION...

CUT BACK TO:

9 THE TWO JEWS HANGING IN CHAINS ON THE WALL 9

They sing together.

TWO JEWS
OI, YOI!

CUT TO:

10 TIGHTER SHOT - THE TWO JEWS 10

A MUSICAL VAMP BEGINS. The First Jew sings a la Rex Harrison as "Henry Higgins."

Cont.

10 Cont. 10 Cont.

FIRST JEW
I WAS SITTING IN A TEMPLE.
I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS.
I WAS LISTENING TO A LOVELY
HEBREW MASS.
THEN THESE PAPIST PERSONS
PLUNGE IN!
AND THEY THREW ME IN A DUNGEON!
AND THEY SHOVED A RED HOT POKER
UP MY ASS!
IS THAT CONSIDERATE?
IS THAT POLITE?
AND NOT A TUBE OF PREPARATION 'H'
IN SIGHT!

THE VAMP CONTINUES, sung by the Second Jew.

SECOND JEW
You think dat's somethin'?
Hmmm...make a loan with the ears!
I'M SITTIN' FLICKIN' CHICKENS!
AND I'M LOOKIN' THROUGH THE
PICKINS'!
AND SUDDENLY DES GOYS BREAK DOWN
MINE VALLS!
I DIN'T EVEN KNOW DEM
AND DEY GRABBED ME BY THE SCROTUM.
AND DEY START IN PLAYING PING PONG
WITH MY BALLS!
OI, THE AGONY! OHHH, THE SHAME!
TO MAKE MY PRIVATES PUBLIC FOR
A GAME!

CUT TO:

11 TORQUEMADA AND A CHORUS OF MONKS 11

They sing together.

TORQUEMADA/MONKS
THE INQUISITION
WHAT A SHOW!
THE INQUISITION
HERE WE GO!
WE KNOW YOU'RE WISHIN' THAT
WE'D GO AWAY!
BUT THE INQUISITION'S HERE
AND IT'S HERE TO...

THE TORTURERS' CHORUS sings.

TORTURERS
HEY, TORQUEMADA!
WHAT DO YOU SAY?

11 Cont. 11 Cont.

TORQUEMADA
I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE
'AUTO DE FE!'

TORTURERS
'AUTO DE FE?'
WHAT'S AN 'AUTO DE FE?'

TORQUEMADA
IT'S WHAT YOU OUGHTN'T TO DO
BUT YOU DO, ANYWAY!

Two bars of INSTRUMENTAL FILL.

TORQUEMADA
(Two bars SCAT FILL)

Torquemada addresses the Seven Jews who are trapped in stocks.

TORQUEMADA
WILL YOU CONVERT?

SEVEN JEWS
NO, NO, NO, NO!

TORQUEMADA
WILL YOU CONFESS?

SEVEN JEWS
NO, NO, NO, NO!

TORQUEMADA
WILL YOU REVERT?

SEVEN JEWS
NO, NO, NO, NO!

TORQUEMADA
WILL YOU SAY YES?

SEVEN JEWS
NO, NO, NO, NO!

TORQUEMADA
NOW I'VE ASKED IN A NICE WAY
I'VE SAID 'PRETTY, PLEASE!'
I'VE BENT THEIR EARS
NOW I'LL WORK ON THEIR KNEES!

Cont.

11 Cont.1 11 Cont.1

Torquemada picks up two huge wooden mallets and begins to "play" (like Lionel Hampton) the knees of the Jews in stocks. He does a 1940's "call and answer" riff and ends it by kicking shut the door of an iron maiden. It slams shut on a Jew inside, ending the phrase with a terrific scream.

DANCE SECTION - WING-TIPPED SHOES.

MONKS
HEY, TORQUEMADA, WALK THIS WAY!

THERE IS A TWO-BAR MUSICAL FILL. Torquemada imitates their walk. He is "proud" of himself as he does this.

MONKS
WE GOT A LITTLE GAME THAT YOU
MIGHT WANNA PLAY!
PULL THE HANDLE! TRY YOUR LUCK!

At this point a Spaniard, JOSÉ, APPEARS next to the Monks. Torquemada looks questioningly at him.

JOSÉ
WHO KNOWS, TORQUE?
YOU MIGHT WIN A BUCK!

TORQUEMADA
Okay, José!

Torquemada looks up at a complicated torture mechanism.

CUT TO:

12 HIS P.O.V. 12

WE SEE three large, wooden torture wheels with ASSORTED JEWS (shepherds, tailors, rabbis, etc.) strapped to the rim of each wheel. A large wooden lever juts out from the stone wall. Torquemada leaps up and pulls down on the wooden lever.

CUT TO:

13 TIGHTER SHOT - WHEELS 13

The wheels begin to spin. Various and sundry Jews FLY PAST THE CAMERA. The first wheel stops. A RABBI comes up. The second wheel stops. A RABBI comes up. The third wheel stops. ANOTHER RABBI comes up.

CUT TO:

14 MASTER SHOT - DUNGEON/TORTURE CHAMBER 14

The place goes wild as a section of the stone wall opens up and a ton of silver coins comes spilling out the chute.

CUT TO:

15 TIGHT TWO SHOT - TORQUEMADA AND JOSÉ 15

Torquemada speaks to José, at his left.

TORQUEMADA
(quietly)
Put it in the car.

Then, Torquemada speaks to A TORTURER at his right.

TORQUEMADA
How many converts today?

TORTURER
(very quietly)
Not a one.

TORQUEMADA
What?!

TORTURER
(still quietly)
Not a one.

Torquemada is angry. A MUSICAL TREMOLO BEGINS.

TORQUEMADA
WHAT?!

TORTURER
Zilch!

TORQUEMADA
Okay! You've flattened their fingers. You've branded their buns. Nothing is working. Send in the Nuns!

CUT TO:

MUSIC: A GRAND WALTZ INTRO.

16 WIDE SHOT - DUNGEON/TORTURE CHAMBER 16

THE NUNS make a dramatic ENTRANCE from beneath the floor, and file into a straight line. At the same time, the center floor begins to RISE, hoisted by four huge chains. As the intro reaches a crescendo, the Nuns dramatically drop their habits, revealing white, one-piece, sequined bathing suits. Their heads are covered in white-sequined, tight-fitting bathing caps, not unlike Nun's headgear. The floor has now RISEN O.S., REVEALING a beautiful, blue swimming pool in the center of the floor. AS THE WALTZ BEGINS, the Nuns describe a beautiful arc and plunge into the water of the pool. Spotlights follow as they do a beautiful "Esther Williams" precision backstroke in time to the Waltz.

CUT TO:

17 CLOSEUP - A CHUTE 17

WE SEE JEWS' frightened faces FLYING PAST THE CAMERA, their payas (side curls) blowing in the wind. They scream as they go by and WE HEAR the splash of water.

CUT TO:

18 WIDER SHOT 18

WE SEE JEWS sliding down the chute and landing in the water. The Nuns swim into a pattern around the Jews, who are struggling to keep afloat. With a graceful move the Nuns raise their legs and swim underwater. After they disappear, WE SUDDENLY SEE the Jews' heads yanked underwater. There is a MUSICAL TREMOLO. WE THEN SEE sparklers begin to RISE OUT

Cont.

18 Cont. 18 Cont.

OF THE WATER. The sparklers are atop the Nuns' bathing caps. As the Nuns rise, WE REALIZE that it is a lighted menorrah with the wet Jews serving as its base.

CUT TO:

19 THE STOCKS 19

Torquemada is in the stocks, with JEWS on each side. Their hands keep time to the music.

CUT TO:

20 TORQUEMADA 20

Being lifted by MANY NUNS.

CUT TO:

21 IRON MAIDEN 21

The iron maiden opens TO REVEAL a pained JEW on one side and Torquemada on the other.

CUT TO:

22 CLOSEUP - TORQUEMADA 22

CAMERA PULLS BACK RAPIDLY TO REVEAL a kick line of MONKS and TORTURERS, with the Menorrah in the b.g. MUSIC RETARDS.

TORQUEMADA/ALL
THE INQUISITION
WHAT A SHOW!
THE INQUISITION
HERE WE GO!
WE KNOW YOU'RE WISHIN'
THAT WE'D GO AWAY!

THE MUSIC SEQUES INTO A TWO-FOUR BROADWAY SHOW SOUND.

TORQUEMADA/ALL
SO COME ON, YOU MOSLEMS AND YOU JEWS
I GOT BIG NEWS FOR ALL OF YOUSE!
YOU BETTER CHANGE YOUR POINT OF VIEWS TODAY!
'CAUSE THE INQUISITION'S HERE
AND IT'S HERE
TO
STAY!

The entire case -- Jews, Torturers, Nuns -- freeze in a final pose. Up-TEMPO BOW-CHASER MUSIC BEGINS. One of the bows is a solo bow for Torquemada.

"HISTORY OF THE WORLD - PART I"

"THE DAWN OF MAN"

1 PAINTING 1

WE HEAR the Narrator's voice over a painting of a barren landscape. The sun is beginning to rise over the horizon. Limned against the rising sun, WE SEE a half-dozen shaggy CREATURES on their hands and knees. Slowly, the CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE INTO A CLOSER SHOT of these creatures.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
...And the ape stood, and became Man.

WE HEAR MUSIC, mostly the rumble of timpany, which CRESCENDOS with a BLAST to mark the auspicious moment.

2 A SERIES OF DISSOLVES 2

takes us CLOSER to the forms as they slowly rise. CLOSER DISSOLVES as they beat their chests and proclaim their newly-found human identities. CLOSER DISSOLVES as their ecstasy grows. CAMERA SLOWLY DROPS BACK TO REVEAL (in a discreet manner) that they are ecstatic because they are masturbating. FREEZE FRAME. LEGEND appears on SCREEN: "OUR FOREFATHERS".

"HISTORY OF THE WORLD - PART I"

"THE EARLY CAVEMEN"

WE SEE a painting at the top of the page in our history book.

3 INT. A HUGE DARK CAVE 3

It is a half-lit by daylight which filters through the small entrance and/or not augmented with INT. firelight. A group of cavemen are gathered around another caveman who proudly shows them the first weapon ever made by man: a spear. The cavemen make SOUNDS that indicate that they are at the same time in awe of it and yet puzzled as to what its function is. The SPEAR HOLDER explains by gripping the spear and hurling it toward the opening at the mouth of the cave. An unsuspecting CAVEMAN who was wandering by is suddenly speared in the belly button. He falls to the ground, screaming his head off. They all rush over to the mouth of the cave. The Spear Thrower is the first man to reach the injured Caveman. He pulls the weapon out of the Caveman's navel. Instead of comforting the poor writhing wretch on the ground, all the Cavemen crowd around the Spear Thrower, pat him on the back, and point to the spear with joy and pride.

"ANCIENT BURIAL RITUAL"

NARRATOR
(voice over)
In ancient times, man was ignorant as to the cause and nature of death, and so death was greeted with a certain degree of awe.

4 WE SEE A DEAD BODY 4

It is surrounded by CAVEMEN who stare down at it.

CAVEMEN
(AD-LIB)
Awe...

NARRATOR
(voice over)
But because man did not have the time for complicated rituals, funeral services were brief.

The Cavemen pick up the body by the arms and legs and hurl him out of the mouth of the cave.

"FIRE"

5 CLOSEUP OF TWO FLINTSTONES BEING BANGED TOGETHER 5
in the hopes of raising a spark to start a fire. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY REVEALING a Caveman earnestly trying to start a fire. He hits the stones together and blows the sparks into a little pile of straw, dried leaves and twigs.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
The greatest calamity that could befall early caveman was the loss of fire. Fire, the mysterious phenomenon that cooked his food, heated his cave, and kept him alive. If he could not start a fire, he and his would surely die.

6 FACES ENTER THE FRAME 6
as the Caveman works more furiously to create a fire. A strange glow illuminates the SCENE and gets brighter and brighter. A torch ENTERS THE FRAME held by one of the Cavemen curiously watching the man trying to make the fire. Out of the corner of his eye, the firemaker notices the flickering torch. He does a slow-burn take, snatches the torch out of the watcher's hand, and thrusts it into the leaves. As the fire burns brighter, everyone applauds.

"THE CRITIC"

7 THE CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES INTO A MAN 7

feverishly painting a bas-relief sculpture of an antelope that he is creating on the cave wall.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
Even in most primitive man the need to create was a part of his nature. This need, this talent, clearly separated early man from animals who would never know this gift. Some men, more than others, were driven to re-create on a cave wall what they had seen with their eyes; and here in a cave somewhere in the North American continent ten million years ago, the first artist was born.

(MUSIC -- TIMPANY -- CRESCENDO).

8 THE CAMERA SWINGS SLOWLY THROUGH THE FIRELIGHT 8

TO a tough-looking brute of a man. CAMERA RESTS ON his FACE.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
But, of course, with the birth of the artist came the inevitable after-birth: the critic.

(MUSIC -- OMINOUS STING). CAMERA MOVES WITH THE CRITIC as he comes forward to examine the first painting ever made. He wipes the grease of the evening meal off his mouth and belches slightly as he continues to study the painting. He mounts the ridge just above it to get a better view.

CUT TO:

9 OTHER CAVE PEOPLE 9

They are gathered in a cluster, waiting eagerly for his judgement.

CUT BACK TO:

10 THE CRITIC 10

He rests one hand against the wall, and with his right hand, reaches down under his fur.

CUT TO:

11 THE PAINTING 11

Suddenly, a stream of pee splashes over it and we realize that the Critic is peeing on it.

CUT TO:

12 TIGHT SHOT - CRITIC'S FACE 12

He shakes his head slowly as if to say, "Sorry, this won't do."

CUT TO:

13 THE CROWD 13

They throw up their hands in disappointment. Unfortunately, they have been swayed by the Critic's pronouncement of the painting's value. They turn away in disgust.

CAVEMEN
(AD-LIB)
Ahhh, bahhh, gahhh.

CUT TO:

14 ARTIST 14

He weeps in despair.

"MUSIC"

15 INT. CAVE - DAY 15

Caveman #1 (GUNGA) drops a huge rock on Caveman #2's (GOWLE) foot. Gunga SCREAMS in agony. The scream is a beautiful, operatic note.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
Music began long before it was formalized into notes and phrases. For mankind, it began with an accident. The people heard the scream and they liked it.

Everybody in the cave is arrested by the beautiful sound of the scream. Gunga, intrigued by the noise, asks Gowle to produce the sound again.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
Gunga begged Gowle to repeat the beautiful scream, but Gowle could not. He explained that it happened by accident.

GUNGA
Cah, cah.

GOWLE
Mena ga va bah...

NARRATOR
(voice over)
So Gunga thought and thought, and finally he found the answer.

Gunga quickly figures out how to get that sound again. He picks up the rock and once again drops it on Gowle's foot, and once again Gowle screams his beautiful note. Everybody in the cave turns around -- they like it.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

16 GUNGA 16

He is now standing on a little rock podium with his hands above his head like a primitive musical conductor.

CUT TO:

17 HIS P.O.V. 17

WE SEE six Cavemen holding huge rocks above their heads, standing in front of their instruments: six other Cavemen.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
And so, music was born.

CUT TO:

18 WIDE SHOT 18

WE SEE the Conductor begin the piece. The rock musicians take their cues from his gestures and drop rocks on the Cavemens' feet as ordered. WE HEAR a wild cacophony of screams.

"TELEVISION"

19 INT. CAVE - DAY 19

NARRATOR
(voice over)
One of the most important differences between early man and animals was man's ability to laugh. Sometimes laughter was as important to early man as food and shelter. And so, entertainment was a part of early man's activities.

CUT TO:

20 THE PEOPLE IN THE CAVE 20

They all carry a rock toward the mouth of the cave and sit facing the entrance. Then, in the entrance of the cave, which is shaped not unlike a rough TV frame, WE SEE an early COMEDIAN appear. He makes funny faces and a few crazy physical gestures. The Cavemen howl with glee. Suddenly a huge DINOSAUR reaches down and snatches him in its jaw. He SCREAMS. The dinosaur pulls him up and away. The audience realizes that the show is over, and they turn their rocks back toward the fire.

"LAW"

NARRATOR
(voice over)
Early man lived by a set of primitive laws. When a thing belonged to one caveman and another caveman said it was his, a judge was needed to dispute the claim.

CUT TO:

21 TWO MEN 21

They are standing before a JUDGE, sitting cross-legged on a small bolder above them. In front of him, on the bolder is a necklace made of animal teeth. Caveman #1 points to it and makes a sound indicating "Mine."

CAVEMAN #1
Mghhh.

Caveman #2 points to it and makes a sound indicating that it is his.

CAVEMAN #2
Mghhh!

The Judge picks up the necklace, examines it and says, "You say it's yours, and you say it's yours." The Judge likes it. He puts it on and says it is his. The two Caveman get angry, but the Judge, who is bigger and stronger, growls menacingly at them. They back off. He sits down again and swings the teeth around his neck.

"MARRIAGE"

NARRATOR
(voice over)
During the time of early man, the first known homo sapien marriage occurred without much ceremony.

22 WE SEE A CAVEMAN 22

bang a Cavewoman over the head with a club and drag the senseless bride o.s.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
During the same age, it is thought that the first known homosexual marriage took place.

23 WE SEE ONE CAVEMAN BANG ANOTHER CAVEMAN 23

on the head and pat his senseless bride on the head as he drags him o.s.

"COMING ATTRACTIONS"

"NUCLEAR LEAK FAMILY"

1 THROUGH A DOOR OR ALCOVE THAT LEADS TO A DINING AREA 1

WE SEE a smiling MOTHER ENTER, carrying a tray of steaming pancakes. The Mother is strange looking. She is half-cat/half-person, complete with whiskers, pointy ears, and a lovely tail. AS SHE ENTERS the dining area, the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the rest of the family seated around the dining table. WE SEE DAD, who is half-dog and a little BOY and GIRL who are half-puppy/boy and half-kitten/girl. They are all very happy because breakfast is coming to the table. Mother speaks:

MOTHER
Breakfast! Come and get it!

The Kids clamor for their breakfast.

BOY
Oh, pancakes, pancakes! I want five!

GIRL
I want six! I want syrup!

BOY
I want butter!

DAD
Okay, okay, everybody take it easy. We have to say grace before we eat...Dear Lord, thank you for these lovely pancakes we are about to eat, and the syrup and the butter. And thank you for letting us live through the last nuclear leak and for not making our tails longer...Okay, let's eat!

They sit down and begin to pass the food.

"VIKING FUNERAL"

2 THROUGH THE BURNING TIMBERS 2

WE SEE a Viking ship aflame. Resting on top of the burning bier is the wrapped body of a Viking Chieftain. He wears a typical Viking helmet with horns. The CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the burning skeleton of the ship. On the other side WE SEE a group of Viking men saying good-bye to their dearly beloved chieftain. The LEADER of the group signals that they should remove their horned helmets in respect. The Leader mumbles something in Viking:

LEADER
Lick va tah.

He then reaches up and removes his helmet. The rest of the Vikings follow suit. They make a strange sight. It seems that the horns are not part of their helmets and remain sticking out of their heads as metallic skullcaps are removed.

"HITLER ON ICE"

3 A FIGURE 3

comes skating towards us at great speed. Just as he REACHES the CAMERA, he stops in a shower of ice. WE SEE that it is ADOLF HITLER. He then proceeds to do a few spectacular jumps and turns to the up-tempo "Deutschland Uber Alles."

"FREUD, EINSTEIN, AND MARX"

4 THERE IS BLACKNESS 4

A SPOTLIGHT suddenly illuminates Sigmund Freud. He sings:

FREUD
I am Sigmund Freud.

A SPOTLIGHT hits Albert Einstein. He sings:

EINSTEIN
I am Albert Einstein.

There is a third SPOTLIGHT. It reveals Karl Marx. He sings:

MARX
I am Marrrrx.

All three sing together:

ALL THREE
We're rolling along.

They EXIT Vaudeville-fashion behind a black velvet curtain, singing:

ALL THREE
We're rolling alooooong.

"LINCOLN"

5 IN A COTTON FIELD 5

WE SEE four blacks: two men and two women, working. They are bent over, chopping cotton. Behind them is a tough-looking OVERSEER, carrying a bullwhip and wearing a revolver.

OVERSEER
Okay. All right. Stop work. Mr. Lincoln has something to say.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ENTERS FRAME and steps up on a box. He takes out his speech, looks it over carefully, and begins to speak:

LINCOLN
You are free.

He puts the speech back in his pocket, steps off the box, and EXITS THE FRAME. The blacks stare at him in wonder. The Overseer cracks his whip and shouts:

OVERSEER
Okay, back to work. Let's go.

Once more the blacks bend over and begin chopping cotton.

"HISTORY OF THE WORLD - PART I"

"THE ROMAN EMPIRE"

1 PAINTING 1

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON a painting of Rome (circa 30AD). The painting slowly comes to life.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

2 MARKETPLACE - DAY 2

The marketplace is lined with open-air shops and is filled with Roman bargain hunters. As the CAMERA SLOWLY TRAVELS THROUGH the open marketplace, WE SEE AND HEAR a succession of various Shopkeepers, Slave Merchants, Peddlers, etc., hawking their wares. WE DRIFT BY A COLUMN SALESMAN. In front of him, WE SEE three Greco Roman columns of various styles and periods. Above him, there is a sign reading, "COLVMNS."

COLUMN SALESMAN
Columns, columns! Get your columns here! Ionic, Doric and Corinthian! Put a few columns out in front and turn your hovel into a showplace! Columns, columns...

THE CAMERA DRIFTS BY a stall with a sign, "HATS," above it. Inside, WE SEE all gold laurel-leaf wreaths displayed. CAMERA CONTINUES ON. In the next stall, WE SEE an ancient barber pole, striped in red and white, behind which is a canvas stall featuring an old barber's chair in the middle.

BARBER
Haircut, shave, shampoo... bloodletting. Haircut, shave, shampoo...bloodletting.

THE CAMERA DRIFTS BY a store displaying notions, novelties, clothespins, etc. The sign above this store reads, "THE V & X STORE" and it looks like Woolworth's signs.

Cont.

2 Cont. 2 Cont.

THE CAMERA DRIFTS BY another sign reading, "VSED CHARIOTS." WE SEE Shoppers kicking the wheels of chariots. Plastic pennants, crisscrossed above the Used Chariot Lot, flutter in the wind. As the CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE DOWN the street, WE SEE a poster on the wall of a building. It reads, "TEMPLE OF EROS ANNUAL ORGY AND BUFFET - FIRST SERVED, FIRST COME." THE CAMERA MOVES AGAIN, and WE HEAR O.S. the sound of a SHOPKEEPER crying out:

SHOPKEEPER
(o.s.)
Plumbing!

THE CAMERA PANS RIGHT. WE SEE a primitive store, above which is a sign reading, "PLVMBER." There is a Man on the platform of the store shouting to get the attention of the populace. All around him, WE SEE a display of connected pipes.

SHOPKEEPER
Yes, citizens, plumbing! The latest invention to hit Rome. It moves water from one place to another. It's astounding, it's amazing! Get on the bandwagon. Pipe the shit right out of your house. Plumbing, plumbing, it's here!

THE CAMERA continues MOVING. WE SEE People walking up and down the steps of an imposing building. WE SEE a long line of People that leads up the steps to a window. Above the window is a sign which reads "VNEMPLOYMENT INSVRANCE." On the wall by the window is a sign "JOIN THE ROMAN ARMY - CONQVER, PILLAGE, RAPE - AND GET PAID FOR IT." Behind the window is a big, tough, officious Woman. She is the Unemployment CLERK. She is interrogating the first man in line, A GLADIATOR.

Cont.

2 Cont.1 2 Cont.1

CLERK
Occupation?

GLADIATOR
Gladiator.

CLERK
Did you kill last week?

GLADIATOR
No.

CLERK
Did you try to kill last week?

GLADIATOR
Yes.

CLERK
Okay, this is your last week of unemployment insurance. Either you kill somebody next week, or we change your status. You got it?

GLADIATOR
Yes.

CLERK
Sign here.

He makes an "X" on a scroll and she hands him a small bag of coins.

CLERK
Next! Name?

MAN (o.s.)
Comicus.

CLERK
Occupation?

CUT TO:

3 COMICUS 3

He is a short, cheery gent who looks incredibly like Mel Brooks.

COMICUS
Stand-up philosopher.

CLERK
What?

Cont.

3 Cont. 3 Cont.

COMICUS
I'm a philosopher! I distill the vapor of human behavior into a viable and logical comprehension.

CLERK
(writing)
Oh...a bullshit artist. Did you bullshit last week?

COMICUS
No.

CLERK
Did you try to bullshit last week?

COMICUS
Yes.

CLERK
If you don't bullshit next week, you'll have to find something else to do...like work!

CLERK
(shoving a scroll to him)
Sign here.

Comicus does so and she starts to hand him a little bag of coins. Just then, WE HEAR A VOICE O.S. shout:

VOICE
(o.s.)
Comicus!

Comicus turns and looks.

CUT TO:

4 COMICUS' P.O.V. 4

WE SEE SWIFTUS, Comicus' agent and friend, approach the window.

CUT TO:

5 COMICUS/CLERK 5

CLERK
Hey! Back of the line!

COMICUS
That's all right, he's not in line. He's my agent, Swiftus.

CUT TO:

6 THREE SHOT 6

Swiftus joins them at the window.

SWIFTUS
Good news! I just got you a job!

The Clerk snatches away the little bag of coins just as Comicus is about to grab it.

CLERK
Well, now that you're working you won't be needing this.

She puts the little bag of money back behind the counter.

COMICUS
But wait a minute! That money is rightfully mine. That's unemployment money for last week. This job is coming up.

The Clerk smiles and pulls down a see-through cage.

CLERK
Sorry, I'm on my wine break.

COMICUS
You dopus! I almost had the money in my hand.

SWIFTUS
(to the wall)
I like that! I like that!
(then, to Comicus)
I go out and bust my anus to get you a job and you're angry with me?! Boy, you are nuts. N-V-T-S! Nuts!

COMICUS
Okay, okay. I'm sorry. What kind of a job is it?

SWIFTUS
Just the best gig in all of Rome! A date that every stand-up philosopher, including Socrates, would die for. Believe it or not, you are going to play Caesar's Palace!

COMICUS
(astonished)
The main room?

Cont.

6 Cont. 6 Cont.

SWIFTUS
The main room! Sheckles is working the lounge. Come on, let's not be late. The show starts in an hour.

COMICUS
Okay. Let's take a shortcut through the marketplace.

They EXIT down the steps of the building.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

7 THE MARKETPLACE 7

WE SEE Comicus and Swiftus quickly make their way along the square. As they walk, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS.

COMICUS
Did you happen to find out when I go on?

SWIFTUS
Yeah, you're on right after the juggler.

COMICUS
What's the matter with you? Don't you know that the philosopher always follows the girl singer?

A great gong SOUNDS O.S. WE HEAR O.S. an AUCTIONEER'S VOICE.

CUT TO:

8 AUCTION BLOCK 8

WE SEE the owner of the voice we have just heard. He is a SLAVE AUCTIONEER.

AUCTIONEER
Thank you, thank you. That's all for today. There will be another slave auction at noon tomorrow.

CUT TO:

9 WIDE SHOT 9

The people around the auction block begin to disperse.

CUT TO:

10 AUCTIONEER 10

He speaks to the GUARD in charge of a group of disgruntled slaves who were not sold.

AUCTIONEER
(to the Guard)
All right, take all those slaves that weren't sold, all those rejectees, over to the Coliseum. Sell them for lion bait. Get what you can.

Suddenly, there is a commotion among the slaves. JOSEPHUS, a good-looking, black slave in his early thirties, breaks free of the others, rushes over to the Auctioneer, and appeals to him.

JOSEPHUS
(as he is running)
Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I can't go to the lions. Lions only eat Christians! I'm Jewish! I can prove it! HAVA NAGILA...HAVA ...Everybody! NAGILA...

The Slave Auctioneer's Guard begins to drag Josephus away, who keeps protesting.

JOSEPHUS
Yes! I'm Jewish! I'm Jewish! Where's my yarmulka? What happened to my yarmulka? Call the temple! They all know me at the shule! Call the rabbi. Call the cantor. Call Sammus Davis, Jr.! He'll vouch for me!

The Guard is pulling on Josephus. The Auctioneer comes over and yanks Josephus' loincloth aside and peers down inside.

AUCTIONEER
Jewish, huh?

Cont.

10 Cont. 10 Cont.

JOSEPHUS
(thinking fast)
Uh...uh...he missed! I jumped. He was nervous...It was his first day on the job! Thursday ...I'm getting trimmed on Thursday! For sure!

THE NEW SOUND of a great commotion wipes out nay further protests. The crowd, including Comicus and Swiftus, turns to look.

CUT TO:

11 A HORSE AND WAGON 11

The horse has fallen with a mighty crash. People shout in distress. A big, burly evil-looking DRIVER is whipping the fallen horse.

DRIVER
Go on, you lazy brute! Get up! You're costing me good money.

A beautiful girl, MIRIAM, rushes over and grabs the Man's arms.

MIRIAM
Please...stop it, stop it! You mustn't hurt him anymore. Can't you see the poor thing's in pain?!

DRIVER
Get out of the way or I'll give you some of the same.

He raises his arm once again. She grabs it and shouts.

MIRIAM
No! No! You mustn't!

The Driver tears his arm free and starts to bring the whip down on the girl.

From out of nowhere, Comicus rushes in, grabs the whip and punches the Driver in the jaw. He goes down like a sack of potatoes. He lays on the ground, unconscious.

Cont.

11 Cont. 11 Cont.

MIRIAM
Oh, thank you, thank you! He was beating that poor creature who fell from exhaustion.

Comicus bends over the horse and examines him. He lifts the horse's front left hoof and dislodges a sharp stone.

COMICUS
He's not really exhausted. The poor guy was hobbled. This stone was in his hoof. Come on, boy, you can stand now.

The horse, who has seen better days, gets to his feet. As the horse stands, the crowd APPLAUDS. Swiftus, who has been examining the horse, speaks.

SWIFTUS
Wait a minute...I know this horse. He used to be the fastest horse at the chariot races in the Circus Maximus. His name is Miracle.

Miracle recognizes his name and whinnies in delight.

MIRIAM
Miracle...what a beautiful name.
(then, to Comicus)
What's yours?

COMICUS
I'm Comicus. I'm a stand-up philosopher.

MIRIAM
I'm Miriam. I'm a vestal virgin.

COMICUS
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

MIRIAM
I work at the palace.

COMICUS
I'm gonna play the palace!

Unbeknownst to Miriam and Comicus, the evil Driver has regained consciousness.

CUT TO:

12 THE DRIVER 12

He turns his whip around to use the heavy, wooden handle as a club. He is just about to strike Comicus, when:

SWIFTUS
(shouting)
Look out!

A cafe au lait arm reaches down and grabs the Driver's wrist. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Josephus. He takes the whip out of the Driver's hand and whacks him over the head -- sending him, once again, back into the world of the unconscious.

JOSEPHUS
(as he hits the Driver)
WHACK!

CUT TO:

13 WIDE SHOT 13

COMICUS
Gee, you saved my life! How can I ever thank you? I'm Comicus, the philosopher. Who are you?

JOSEPHUS
I'm Josephus, the entree at the Coliseum.

Suddenly, FROM O.S. WE HEAR the harsh voice of a ROMAN OFFICER.

OFFICER
(o.s.)
Seize him!

JOSEPHUS
(indicating his crotch)
Seize this, honkus!

TWO ROMAN GUARDS grab Josephus. The Officer ENTERS.

OFFICER
Do you know what the punishment is for a slave who strikes a Roman citizen?

Cont.

13 Cont. 13 Cont.

Everyone in the crowd raises their hands excitedly, like little kids in a classroom who know the answer.

OFFICER
(to Citizen #1)
Okay, you! You had your hand up first.

CITIZEN #1
(in a Cockney accent)
Death by torture?

OFFICER
Nahhh.
(indicating Citizen #2)
You! You were next.

CITIZEN #2
They shove a living snake up your ass?

OFFICER
No, but that's very creative!
(points to Citizen #3)
You!

CITIZEN #3
Crucifixion?

OFFICER
Right!

Everyone is impressed with the answer.

MIRIAM
(gasps)
No!

OFFICER
Keep still or you'll get some of the same.

There is a commotion O.S. Suddenly, PALACE GUARDS ENTER the scene.

LIEUTENANT BOB
What's going on here? You're blocking the path of her Imperial Highness. Make way! Make way for the Empress Nympho!

Cont.

13 Cont.1 13 Cont.1

EMPRESS NYMPHO begins to ENTER. She is borne on a beautifully carved and bejeweled litter by SIX handsome PALACE GUARDS. She wears an incredibly revealing silk and chiffon slip. Golden bracelets adorn her wrists and ankles. She wears a slim gold chain around her belly and a jeweled headband circles her forehead. The impasse on the street makes her unhappy.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Come on, boys, please try to walk on the same foot at the same time! My tits are killing me!
(clutches at her breasts)
Why have we stopped?

MIRIAM
Empress Nympho, Empress Nympho!

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Miriam! You're a vestal virgin! What are you doing here? You know V.V.'s aren't allowed out of the palace without an escort.

MIRIAM
Oh, Empress Nympho! This man saved our lives and now they want to kill him! We need your help.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Which one? The white guy or the colored guy?

CUT TO:

14 JOSEPHUS 14

He does a "take."

CUT BACK TO:

15 MIRIAM AND EMPRESS NYMPHO 15

MIRIAM
The color...the slave. Please spare his life. I beg you! Perhaps you could use him at the palace. He's truly gifted.

Empress Nympho eyes Josephus.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Hmmm...gifted! Bob!

Lieutenant Bob ENTERS to her command.

LIEUTENANT BOB
Yes, your highness.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Bob, tell me, do I have any openings this man might fit?

The entire crowd reacts in unison.

CROWD
(ad-lib)
WHOA!

LIEUTENANT BOB
Well, we could use another wine steward.

JOSEPHUS
I've got a great corkscrew!

CROWD
(ad-lib)
WHOA!

JOSEPHUS
(to himself)
That's a hip crowd!

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(to Josephus)
Tell me, as to being a wine steward, do you have any prior experience?

JOSEPHUS
(to her)
Only.

Cont.

15 Cont. 15 Cont.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(to Lieutenant Bob)
Good. We'll schlepp him along. For the time being, we'll make him a little bearer. Put him next to Succubus.

Lieutenant Bob indicates to Josephus to fall in. He does so and looks worried about it.

CUT TO:

16 TWO SHOT - JOSEPHUS AND SUCCUBUS 16

SUCCUBUS
(with a heavy lisp)
Hi! I'm Succubus. I'll be right behind you.

JOSEPHUS
Okay, just don't tailgate.

LIEUTENANT BOB
(o.s.)
Litter bearers, prepare to move! Litter bearers, harch!

They start to move off.

CUT TO:

17 TWO SHOT - JOSEPHUS AND EMPRESS NYMPHO 17

Empress Nympho chucks Josephus affectionately under the chin.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
You know, Josephus, if you play your cards right, you could be the pick of the litter.

As the litter moves O.S. on the back of the litter WE SEE a sign that says "CAVTION - WE BRAKE FOR WILD BOARS."

CUT TO:

18 CLOSE SHOT - MIRIAM AND COMICUS 18

MIRIAM
I'm so glad I met you.

Cont.

18 Cont. 18 Cont.

COMICUS
(looking into Miriam's eyes)
Me, you, more.

Miriam skips away and waves as she EXITS.

MIRIAM
(calling back)
See you at the palace.

COMICUS
See you at the palace.

He waves back to her.

SWIFTUS
Come on, we better get to the palace. It's nearly...

SWIFTUS/COMICUS
Showtime!

CUT TO:

19 INT. CAESAR'S PALACE 19

The CAMERA TRAVELS PAST fountains, pillars, and statues, into a huge palatial atrium, where the Roman Emperors, from Octavian to Nero, traditionally held court. The pavillion-atrium is filled with Nobles, Senators and "Friends" of the Emperor. They luxuriously recline upon chaise lounges, being dutifully attended by beautiful Servants and Lovers of each and every persuasion. Between two large pillars there is a platform which dominates the room. On the platform, WE SEE foods of all descriptions. It is truly a Roman repast. The crowning achievement of these mangeables is an enormous roast pig with a huge red apple tucked in its mouth. Suddenly, WE HEAR the sound of trumpets. From an arched entrance behind the throne APPEAR TRUMPETEERS. They continue to herald the

Cont.

19 Cont. 19 Cont.

arrival of the Emperor of Rome. THE EMPEROR, followed by his retinue of Guards, Slaves, and his wife, Empress Nympho, makes a grand entrance. Empress Nympho lightly holds his extended fist as they march in. The COURT SPOKESMAN announces his entrance.

COURT SPOKESMAN
All hail Caesar, Emperor of Rome! Monarch of the Roman Empire! Ruler of the world, immortal and absolute divinity! I mean, let's face it, folks, we're talking about a god here!

The assemblage stands. They raise their right hands in traditional Roman salute and address Caesar.

ASSEMBLAGE
Hail, Caesar! Hail, Caesar! Hail, Caesar!

Just as the Emperor is about to sit, he spots the enormous roast pig on the table in front of him.

EMPEROR
(shouting)
By Jupiter! I've never <u>seen</u> such a glorious pig!

And with that, he leaps upon the pig and makes love to it while nibbling on the apple in its mouth and whispering in its ear.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(to herself)
Oh, that poor pig.

Miriam nods in agreement. FROM O.S. WE HEAR a blast of trumpets. All eyes turn toward the entrance.

CUT TO:

20 ENTRANCE TO PAVILLION 20

WE SEE an impressive procession ENTER. The Drummers and Trumpeteers ENTER FIRST and flake the parade as it comes by. At the head of the parade, dressed in resplendent gold and silver armor, WE SEE MARCUS VINDICTUS, Commander of the Roman Army. As the parade majestically continues on toward the Emperor, the Court Spokesman makes an announcement.

CUT TO:

20-A COURT SPOKESMAN 20-A

COURT SPOKESMAN
All hail the commander of His Majesty's Roman Legions. The brave and noble Marcus Vindictus, who returns to Rome after winning a great victory over the Cretans at Sparta.

A COURTIER next to the Spokesman surreptitiously pokes him in the ribs and whispers something in his ear.

COURT SPOKESMAN
Make that the Spartans at Crete.
(to the COURT SCRIBE)
Got it?

A wizened OLD PHILOSOPHER holds a gold laurel leaf over Marcus Vindictus' head. With each step, he whispers an age-old admonition that philosophers must, by old Roman law, say to returning conquering heroes.

OLD PHILOSOPHER
Remember thou art mortal.
Remember thou art mortal.
Remember thou art mortal.
Remember thou art mortal.
Remember thou art mortal.
Remember thou art mortal.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(sotto voce to Old Philosopher)
Oh, blow it out your ass!

20-A Cont. 20-A Cont.

The parade comes to rest in front of the Emperor.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
Oh, Caesar, Immortal Divinity, ruler of the known and unknown world. I have brought your illustrious name to the four corners of the earth. I have subdued and conquered the barbaric hordes in the name of Rome. I have penetrated into the farthest...

EMPEROR
(belches, interrupting)
Whadda'ya got in the boxes?

MARCUS VINDICTUS
...boxes...oh...uh...boxes... 'Er, certainly. By all means.

Marcus Vindictus makes a sign and the Soldiers open a box and begin lifting something out.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
To begin with, number one...a beautiful hand-carved alabaster bathing vessel.

The alabaster bathtub is placed before the Emperor. There is polite applause. Everyone looks for the Emperor's reaction.

CUT TO:

21 THE EMPEROR 21

EMPEROR
Nice, nice. Not thrilling, but nice.

Marcus Vindictus, really getting into it, begins to sound like a TV game show host.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
...And to fill the tub...behind curtain number two...treasure from the Orient!

Trumpets and drums play typical TV game show music, as the crowd goes wild.

CUT TO:

22 CURTAIN NUMBER "II" 22

The huge silk curtain with a large gold Roman Numeral "II" is parted, revealing a pile of treasure: bags of coins, jewels, bracelets, pendants, etc. There are TWO BEAUTIFUL GIRLS in brief costumes in the middle of it all, proudly presenting the treasure in a typical cliched TV manner. The Emperor steps into the tub and screams at the top of his voice:

EMPEROR
(screaming)
Treasure bath!

Music accompanies the action as Slaves pour jewels, silver and gold over the Emperor as he luxuriates in the tub.

EMPEROR
(screaming)
Do it! Do it!

Suddenly the Emperor is uncomfortable. He reaches down under him and pulls up a coin from under his tush and hands it to one of the servants.

EMPEROR
Here, wash this!

He hops out of the tub. The Emperor sits back on his throne. Servants appear with plates laden with fruits, meats and large carafes of wine. MUSIC BEGINS. Marcus Vindictus reclines on his divan next to Empress Nympho.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(whispers passionately to Empress)
Oh, Nympho, you know I would do anything...anything...if you would grant me your favors. How can I entice you, how can I ensnare you? What bait must I use to snare your love? I am your servant.

Cont.

22 Cont. 22 Cont.

She puts a finger across his yearning lips.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Ahhh, but the servant waits, while the master baits.

CUT TO:

23 THE EMPEROR 23

EMPEROR
The muse is upon me! The muse is upon me! I shall create a poem.

CUT TO:

24 WIDE SHOT 24

The music and talk stop abruptly.

COURT SPOKESMAN
All be quiet! His divine immortality has consented to favor us with a new poem. Speak, oh glorious Caesar.

EMPEROR
Hand me a small lyre.

The Court Spokesman snaps his fingers and TWO MEN rush in holding a MIDGET who is lying at the top of his voice.

MIDGET
I didn't do it. I didn't do it. I wasn't even there. I was at a friend's house. The check is in the mail.

EMPEROR
Get him out of here! I meant the instrument!

The two Men drop the Midget somewhere behind Caesar. The Court Spokesman quickly hands him a small lyre (hand harp). The Emperor strums the lyre and gathers his poetic thoughts.

Cont.

24 Cont. 24 Cont.

EMPEROR
When melancholy takes its toll,
Seek comfort in human soul.
Stick it in,
Stick it out,
Stick it in!

When food and drink have lost their joy,
Seek comfort with a dancing boy.
Stick it in,
Stick it out,
Stick it in!

He rises to make it a big ending.

EMPEROR
STICK IT IN!

A large vocal chord follows.

EMPEROR
STICK IT OUT!

A large vocal chord again follows.

EMPEROR
STICK IT IN!

The Chorus joins him on the word "IN" for a big finish. He collapses on his lounge, exhausted. Everyone breaks into loud cheering and applause. As it subsides, the Emperor speaks.

EMPEROR
Okay, let's keep the decadence going.

COURT SPOKESMAN
Send in the Juggler.

A JUGGLER ENTERS and begins to juggle colored balls. Juggling music supports his act.

CUT TO:

25 EMPRESS NYMPHO 25

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Oh, good! I like colored balls.

Cont.

25 Cont. 25 Cont.

Josephus ENTERS with wine just as she says this and does a "take." He begins to pour her wine.

JOSEPHUS
Say when.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Eight-thirty.

JOSEPHUS
Wowus!

Josephus EXITS.

CUT BACK TO:

26 WIDE SHOT - THE JUGGLER 26

The Juggler drops a ball, and then another and then they all fall. The music stops. There is an audible gasp from the audience.

AUDIENCE
Ohhh!

All eyes turn toward the Emperor.

CUT TO:

27 THE EMPEROR 27

He is highly displeased. The Juggler immediately drops to his knees and begins to plead.

JUGGLER
Mercy, Caesar! Spare my life. It won't happen again. I promise you!

CUT TO:

28 MASTER SHOT - THE EMPEROR 28

He waves his thumb at the audience and pantomimes asking them whether the thumb should stay up or go down. WE HEAR a mixed chorus emanating from the crowd.

Cont.

28 Cont. 28 Cont.

CROWD
(ad-lib)
Spare him! Let him die!
Spare him!

MUSIC, sotto voce musical tremolo, fills the air as the tension builds.

The Emperor smiles at the Juggler and we all assume that the thumb is going to remain up. Then without warning he turns his thumb down viciously. An ominous chord rends the air.

EMPEROR
Kill him.

The Juggler screams.

JUGGLER
NOOOOO!

Palace Guards quickly take the protesting Juggler away. The Juggler cries out as he is led away.

JUGGLER
I want to live! I want to live!

CUT TO:

29 WINGS - BACKSTAGE 29

They drag the protesting, struggling Juggler past Comicus and Swiftus.

COMICUS
Boy, when you die at the palace, you...

COMICUS/SWIFTUS
(sotto voce)
...<u>die</u> at the palace.

CUT TO:

30 THE EMPEROR 30

EMPEROR
(to Court Spokesman)
What's next?

Cont.

30 Cont. 30 Cont.

COURT SPOKESMAN
Comicus, the new stand-up philosopher from Vesuvius.

EMPEROR
Good. I like a mountain comic. Let's have him.

The Emperor takes out a bunch of grapes that have been trapped somewhere below his toga. He hands them to a Palace Servant.

EMPEROR
Here, wash this.

CUT TO:

31 COMICUS 31

As he ENTERS the pavillion he hums loudly "Horray for Hollywood."

COMICUS
Good evening, ladies and Emperors. I can't tell you how happy I am to be here. I just got back from Venice and, boy, are my arms tired.

Comicus does a few breaststroke swimming motions. They are caught by a Drummer.

COMICUS
I learned a lot in Venice. You know how to make a Venetian blind? ...Like this!

Comicus makes a quick gesture with two fingers. The Drummer catches it.

COMICUS
Let's face it, Venice is wet. I got a room in Venice that was so damp the mice drowned. It's really wonderful to be back in Rome. Rome is splendid. I love Rome. Arches, viaducts, decadence. You can't beat it. And, boy, is Rome crowded. You can hardly move. Let's face it, folks, it's a little too crowded. And you know why?

Cont.

31 Cont. 31 Cont.

SWIFTUS
(o.s.)
WHY?

COMICUS
Thank you! Because all roads lead to Rome. We gotta build a few going out!

Comicus catches two fast drum beats. NOTE: During Comicus' monologue the CAMERA WILL SHOW reactions of the crowd and individuals such as the Emperor, Empress Nympho, Josephus, Marcus Vindictus and Swiftus, backstage.

COMICUS
And speaking of sex...

CUT TO:

32 THE EMPEROR 32

He is puzzled, looks up from his pig.

EMPEROR
But, we weren't.

CUT BACK TO:

33 COMICUS 33

COMICUS
It's all the rage. Everybody's doing it. And you know why?

SWIFTUS
(o.s.)
WHY?

COMICUS
I'll tell you why. Because of the latest Roman contraception invention, the pillium. All the women are takin' 'em. Let's face it, you can't blame 'em. They're twice as safe as using a condominium!

Drum beat catches this.

COMICUS
And speaking of religion...

CUT TO:

34 THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS NYMPHO 34

EMPEROR
(in a half-whisper)
Who was speaking of religion?
Were we?

CUT BACK TO:

35 COMICUS 35

COMICUS
Have you heard about this new sect, the Christians? Boy, are they strange. First of all they are incredibly poor...

CUT TO:

36 BACKSTAGE - SWIFTUS 36

SWIFTUS
(shouting)
How poor are they?

CUT BACK TO:

37 COMICUS 37

He winks in acknowledgement.

COMICUS
I'll tell you how poor they are. They are so poor that they only have one god.

Double bunk on the drum. The joke gets a big laugh.

COMICUS
But we Romans, we're rich. We've got a god for everything. Well, almost everything. Unfortunately, we don't have one for premature ejaculation, but I hear that's coming quickly.

Drummer lets go with a series of percussive punctuations, and

Comicus physically catches every beat.

COMICUS
But these Christians are a laugh a minute. Did you hear about the Christian who won a gold medal at the Olympics...he had it bronzed!

Drum beat.

CUT TO:

38 BACKSTAGE - SWIFTUS 38

He makes a "doing well" sign with his fingers and mouths:

"They love you, you're doing great."

COMICUS
Let's face it, losing weight is all the rage. All you see today is steam rooms and vomiteriums. I mean, half of Rome is either cookin' or pukin'! After all, who wants to look like a big, fat pig?

CUT TO:

39 THE EMPEROR 39

As he turns, WE SEE that the pig's apple is in his mouth.

CUT TO:

40 BACKSTAGE - SWIFTUS 40

He is agitated. He is worried about this new turn of events.

SWIFTUS
(to Comicus, in a stage whisper)
Get off the fat jokes! Get off fat! Get off fat!

CUT TO:

41 COMICUS 41

COMICUS
But I love politics.

CUT TO:

42 BACKSTAGE - SWIFTUS 42

He breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

43 COMICUS 43

COMICUS
I'm very proud of the Roman Senate. They are the very best money can buy. Everybody's on the take. Assemblymen, Councilmen, Legislators, Senators...and it goes all the way to the top. Right to the Emperor...SHIT!

CUT TO:

44 THE EMPEROR 44

He opens his mouth in shock. Food falls out of his mouth. The Emperor finds his voice. He points a trembling finger of rage at Comicus and says:

EMPEROR
Kill him!
(then to Josephus)
More wine.

Josephus ENTERS. Unfortunately he trips and spills wine all over the Emperor's toga. The Emperor looks at him.

EMPEROR
(pointing at Josephus)
K...k...k...k...k...k...k...

COURT SPOKESMAN
Kill him!

EMPEROR
What he said! I want them both very dead, very soon!

Guards grab Josephus and Comicus and start to lead them out.

CUT TO:

45 EMPRESS NYMPHO 45

She whispers something into the Emperor's ear. The Emperor's face lights up. He calls to the Guards who are removing Comicus and Josephus.

Cont.

45 Cont. 45 Cont.

EMPEROR
Wait! I just thought of something. Let these two fools fight each other to death during dessert.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

46 THE EMPEROR 46

He is holding a spoon in one hand and a big chocolate dessert in the other.

CUT TO:

47 CENTER OF PAVILLION 47

WE SEE Comicus and Josephus. They are dressed like Coliseum Gladiators. Comicus is bare-chested and wears helmet, shield and sword. Josephus carries the traditional net and triton spear. They stand side by side.

COMICUS
We, who are about to die, salute you.

Comicus gives the Roman salute -- right fist to the heart. Josephus, a little reluctantly, does the same. The Emperor salutes and belches and acknowledgement. Comicus and Josephus begin to circle each other slowly.

JOSEPHUS
I like you, man, but I'm head over heels in love with me. Your death is my life. Guard your ass.

COMICUS
Okay. I've never killed another human being..
(jaunty tone)
But you gotta start sometime!

Cont.

47 Cont. 47 Cont.

Comicus takes a wicked slash at Josephus' head. He ducks and the battle begins. We soon come to realize that they are not very good at killing each other. Every time there is a vicious thrust it is accompanied by a frightened shriek from the other side.

CUT TO:

48 THE EMPEROR 48

He is eating a banana, and he then throws the peel on the floor. The war sounds continue for a little while and then, suddenly Josephus slips on the banana peel and falls. In a thrice, Comicus is upon him, his sword pressed against Josephus' vulnerable neck. Beads of sweat form on Josephus' brow. He knows this is it. Comicus begins to press his sword into Josephus' neck. Josephus looks into his eyes. Comicus can't do it. He turns to the Emperor.

COMICUS
Oh, Caesar, show mercy. Spare this poor man. He has fought well in order to bring pleasure to his beloved Emperor.

Josephus looks at the Emperor.

JOSEPHUS
(in piteous whisper)
Mercy, mercy.

CUT TO:

49 THE EMPEROR 49

Caesar smiles magnanimously. He shoves his fist forward, thumb up, as he says:

EMPEROR
Wellllll...let 'em DIE!!!

Cont.

49 Cont. 49 Cont.

He viciously turns his thumb down. The crowd rises and speaks as one in a hoarse whisper.

CROWD
(as one)
GASP!

CUT TO:

50 COMICUS AND JOSEPHUS 50

Comicus prepares to kill Josephus.

COMICUS
(earnestly to Josephus)
I'm sorry.

He begins, once again, to press the blade of his sword into Josephus' throat. Josephus closes his eyes as he awaits death. Comicus stops.

COMICUS
I can't do it. Here!

He grabs the triton spear and throws it to Josephus.

COMICUS
Come on! Let's try to fight our way out of this together.

JOSEPHUS
You know, you're the first white person I've even considered liking...let's go!

The Palace Guards quickly approach, their swords drawn.

CUT TO:

51 THE EMPEROR 51

EMPEROR
Seize them! Destroy them!

He reaches behind his toga and pulls out the Lying Midget.

EMPEROR
Wash this!

CUT TO:

52 WIDE SHOT 52

Comicus and Josephus fight brilliantly as a team. They work together beautifully. They are deft and inventive. They finally trap the entire Palace Guard by grabbing the poles of an awning and getting the Guards helplessly enmeshed in it.

CUT TO:

53 OTHER SIDE OF THE ATRIUM 53

Comicus and Josephus come FLYING INTO THE FRAME, get to the center of the entrance to the atrium and split up, each taking a different direction.

CUT TO:

54 COMICUS 54

He is out of breath in a niche behind the atrium wall. A secret panel in the niche suddenly opens and a hand grabs Comicus' wrist.

COMICUS
UNGHHAIIII!

Miriam APPEARS in the opening.

MIRIAM
Shhh! Quickly! Follow me!

Comicus follows her through the doorway.

CUT TO:

55 DARK, SECRET PASSAGEWAY 55

The panel behind them closes, making it even darker.

MIRIAM
Where's Josephus?

COMICUS
I don't know! We split. He went the other way. Where does this go to?

Cont.

55 Cont. 55 Cont.

MIRIAM
This is a secret passageway that leads to Empress Nympho's private chambers. Don't worry. You'll be safe there.

She indicates the entrance to the Empress' chambers.

CUT TO:

56 INT. EMPRESS NYMPHO'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS 56

WE SEE a huge circular bed on a raised platform. It is covered with white fur and surrounded by fluted pillars. There is a wide marble veranda just below the bedroom area that is peopled with beautiful young maidens. These are the VESTAL VIRGINS who are the ladies-in-waiting to the Empress. Near the entrance of the room, at an equal distance from each other stand THREE huge black EUNUCHS. They wave large white ostrich-plumed fans back and forth to keep the air in the Empress' chambers circulating properly.

CUT TO:

57 EMPRESS NYMPHO 57

There is a flurry of sounds as Empress Nympho ENTERS through a portico on the right. Vestal Virgins precede her. Two of them carry baskets and sprinkle rose petals as she walks, and she slips on one of the petals.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(to the Virgins sprinkling petals)
Forget that shit...I nearly fell.

They disburse. The Empress addresses a Woman who walks on her right. The Woman acts as her major-domo and general secretary. She is called COMPETENCE.

Cont.

57 Cont. 57 Cont.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Competence, what will happen to those two rogues when they're caught?

COMPETENCE
If they're captured, they're hung.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(thinking)
...Not necessarily.

They both titter.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Where are you leading me?

COMPETENCE
To the ante-chamber. You have to choose your escorts for the Feast Slash Dash Orgy tonight. We have lined up the best of the Praetorian Guard for you to choose from.

CUT TO:

58 INT. ANTE-CHAMBER - EMPRESS NYMPHO'S SUITE 58

Empress Nympho ENTERS. Her secretary, Competence, at her side, carries a papyrus scroll and plumed quill.

CUT TO:

59 TIGHT TRAVELLING SHOT (CHEST AND HEAD) 59

Thirty strong, handsome Officers of the Praetorian Guard.

CUT TO:

60 HEAD AND TOE MASTER - (SHOT FROM BEHIND THE GUARDS) 60

The Guards are beautifully helmeted, breast plated and shod. The skirts of their tunics are missing, revealing their naked buttocks. On a marble platform in the background, facing the CAMERA, are Empress Nympho and Competence.

CUT TO:

61 CLOSER SHOT 61

Of Empress Nympho as she whispers to Competence.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(whispering)
Very nice selection. I'll start at this end.

CUT TO:

62 MASTER SHOT 62

The Guards remove their helmets and hold them against their chests.

CUT TO:

63 CLOSER SHOT 63

This time the CAMERA IS MUCH CLOSER, cutting the Guards off just below the buttocks. Empress Nympho begins her selection. She sings from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" as she chooses. As she walks along past the Guards, she points very specifically to the Guards' privates.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(singing)
Ummmmm...YES!
YES, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO,
YES, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO,
YES, NO, NO,
YES, NO, NO,
YES, NO, NO, NO, NO, YES, YES, YES,
(retard)
YES, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO,
YES, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO,
NO, NO, NO, NO, YES...NO...YES!

COMPETENCE
(to Lieutenant Bob)
Very good. That'll be all.

LIEUTENANT BOB
(to Guards)
Left face! Quick time...harch!

Cont.

63 Cont. 63 Cont.

Led by Lieutenant Bob, they double-time O.S. Empress Nympho and Competence bob their heads up and down as they watch the Guards EXIT.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(looking after the Guards)
Oooh, I love quick time harch!

CUT TO:

64 COMICUS AND MIRIAM 64

COMICUS
Gee, I hope Josephus got awaaiii... wwwaaaiit a minute!

CUT TO:

64-A COMICUS' P.O.V. - BEDCHAMBER 64-A

WE SEE the fourth Eunuch. He is much smaller than the other three. It is Josephus. He spots Comicus and waves his white-feathered fan at him in time with the other Eunuchs.

CUT BACK TO:

64-B TIGHT TWO SHOT - MIRIAM AND COMICUS 64-B

MIRIAM
Quick! Hide somewhere! The Empress is coming.

Comicus goes OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

65 BEDROOM AREA 65

Competence and Empress Nympho as they ENTER:

COMPETENCE
I liked your choices. You made some very big decisions.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Thank you.

CUT TO:

66 SOLDIERS 66

RUSHING INTO the Empress' quarters. Marcus Vindictus is at their head, followed by CAPTAIN MUCUS and the Palace Guards.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(shouting)
Captain Mucus, search the area. They can't have gotten far.

CUT TO:

67 THREE SHOT 67

Cf Marcus Vindictus, Competence and Empress Nympho.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
How dare you! No man may search the Empress' quarters. We have Vestal Virgins here. YES, some of them still are! Right, girls?

ONE VESTAL VIRGIN
Right.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
I'm sorry to disturb your highness, but the Emperor's fit to be tied.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Oh, tell him I'll do it later. We'll conduct our own search.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
As you wish.
(to Empress Nympho under his breath)
You're beautiful when you're...

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Shove it!

MARCUS VINDICTUS
Yourrrraaaaannn...

CUT TO:

68 TWO SHOT - MARCUS VINDICTUS AND CAPTAIN MUCUS 68

Captain Mucus points to the Eunuchs O.S. and whispers behind his hand into Marcus Vindictus' ear.

Cont.

68 Cont. 68 Cont.

CAPTAIN MUCUS
(whispering behind his hand)
Sinus sumus quamus hinus humas.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(loud, annoyed with whispering)
WHAT?! WHAT?! WHAT?! WHAT?!
Speak up, man!

CAPTAIN MUCUS
(at the top of his lungs)
SINUS SUMUS QUAMUS HINUS HUMUS!

CUT TO:

69 THEIR P.O.V. 69

WE SEE Josephus.

CUT BACK TO:

70 MARCUS VINDICTUS 70

MARCUS VINDICTUS
You're absolutely right!

CUT TO:

71 MIRIAM AND COMICUS 71

They freeze.

CUT TO:

72 MARCUS VINDICTUS 72

He points to Josephus.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
That slave over there...are you sure he's a Eunuch?

CUT TO:

73 MARCUS VINDICTUS' P.O.V. 73

There at the end of the three big Eunuchs, stands Josephus, dressed as one of them and waving his big fan.

Cont.

73 Cont. 73 Cont.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(voice over)
He looks rather puny. Isn't it true that when Eunuchs are castrated they become enormous?

CUT TO:

74 TWO SHOT - MIRIAM AND EMPRESS NYMPHO 74

Miriam whispers to Empress Nympho.

MIRIAM
(whispering)
It's Josephus, your wine steward. Please help him.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(coughs)
Uh...well...

She thinks hard.

CUT TO:

75 WIDE SHOT - JOSEPHUS 75

EMPRESS NYMPHO
...Well, give him time. He's just been snipped.

MIRIAM
(sotto voce)
Thank you, highness.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
If he's truly a Eunuch like the others, it would do no harm to take the test!

MIRIAM
Test?!

CUT TO:

76 EMPRESS NYMPHO 76

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Test?!

CUT TO:

77 JOSEPHUS 77

JOSEPHUS
Test?!

CUT TO:

78 A GROUPING OF THE MUSES 78

Three Roman virgins in a dancing pose cupping each other's breasts. One of the statues COMES TO LIFE. It is Comicus. He turns his face TO THE CAMERA and speaks:

COMICUS
Test?!

CUT BACK TO:

79 MARCUS VINDICTUS 79

Who does a small take on all the "Test?!"'s that have erupted.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
'Er...yes...test. Let us have Caladonia do her highly erotic temple dance in praise of Eros, and if all of these creatures are indeed Eunuchs, nothing should arise. Get it?

He crosses his hands in a "safe" gesture over his pelvic area.

EVERYONE
(ad-lib)
Got it!

EMPRESS NYMPHO
Well...

MARCUS VINDICTUS
Good! So be it. Let the music begin. Bring on Caladonia, the siren of the Sudan!

WE HEAR O.S. the sound of drums. They are joined by low, sensuous woodwinds. A gorgeous, light-colored SUDANESE BEAUTY, covered in some flimsy veils, ENTERS. She is stunning. She moves sinuously in time with the drums as she slowly makes her way toward the Eunuchs.

CUT TO:

80 JOSEPHUS 80

JOSEPHUS
Ohhh, I'm in trouble.

Empress Nympho ENTERS THE FRAME.

EMPRESS NYMPHO
(whispers to Josephus)
Think cold.

JOSEPHUS
(to himself)
Yeah, think cold. Think cold.

CUT TO:

81 CALADONIA 81

She is doing her best to get a rise out of each Eunuch.

CUT TO:

82 MARCUS VINDICTUS 82

As each Eunuch passes the test.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
He's a Eunuch.

CUT TO:

83 CALADONIA 83

She passes the second one, turning it up a little. Nothing happens.

CUT TO:

84 MARCUS VINDICTUS 84

MARCUS VINDICTUS
Yes, he's a Eunuch.

CUT TO:

85 THIRD EUNUCH 85

By now, Caladonia is really hot. The Eunuch does not respond.

CUT TO:

86 MARCUS VINDICTUS 86

MARCUS VINDICTUS
He's dead!

CUT TO:

87 CALADONIA 87

Just as she reaches Josephus.

CUT TO:

88 CLOSEUP 88

Of her writhing pelvis.

CUT TO:

89 CLOSEUP - JOSEPHUS' FACE 89

A little saliva runs out of his mouth. He stops it with a finger and a gulp. The tempo gets wilder. The drums get louder. Caladonia does little crazy teasing things with her mouth, her tongue and her eyes, as well as with her gyrating torso. Josephus is whimpering like a dog. He stares at the writhing belly of the "siren of the Sudan."

JOSEPHUS
(to himself)
Ice water, ice tea, ice cream,
I scream, you scream, we all
scream for ice cream.

Caladonia removes one veil, then another veil and finally WE:

CUT TO:

90 REARVIEW SHOT 90

As she holds her flimsy brassiere over her head and begins to writhe in electric fashion as the music and she come to a climactic crescendo. Everyone stares at Josephus. Suddenly the white fan that he had successfully kept pressed down over his genitalia slowly but surely rises. Marcus Vindictus points to the rising fan and proclaims:

90 Cont. 90 Cont.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
THE JIG IS UP!

CUT TO:

91 JOSEPHUS 91

He looks down and says:

JOSEPHUS
As Aristotle said, he came as he went! 'Bye!

Josephus runs OUT OF FRAME. Marcus Vindictus and his Men chase after him.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
After him!

CUT TO:

92 TIGHT TWO SHOT 92

Of Miriam and Comicus.

MIRIAM
Quick! Back through the corridor! He's heading for the Senate. We can meet him near the entrance.

They EXIT into the corridor.

CUT TO:

93 INT. CORRIDOR 93

Miriam puts her finger across her lips and speaks softly.

MIRIAM
Be quiet! We're just outside the Emperor's bedchambers.

They tiptoe silently for a while. From O.S., obviously emanating from the Emperor's bedchamber, WE HEAR the Emperor in the throes of sexual ecstacy.

EMPEROR
(o.s.)
Oooh, aahhh, ohhhh...WASH THIS!

Miriam and Comicus look at each other knowingly.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

94 INT. ROMAN SENATE FOYER 94

Josephus comes around the corner of the Roman Senate. From behind a pillar, arms reach out and grab him. Josephus is startled.

JOSEPHUS
AGHHH! Wait! He was dead when I got there. I swear!

He sees it is Miriam and Comicus.

JOSEPHUS
Oh, it's you!

COMICUS
...Who was dead when you got there?

JOSEPHUS
Never mind, never mind! How do we get out of here?

WE SEE to the right of them the Senatorial capes and laurel leaves hanging on clothes hooks on the wall. Miriam takes them and hands them to Josephus and Comicus.

MIRIAM
Put these on. I'll meet you near the baths just outside the Senate.

Comicus and Josephus put on the togas and laurel leaves. They hide their faces as TWO SENATORS mount the steps and ENTER the Senate.

1ST SENATOR
In pecunium sic transit gloria.

2ND SENATOR
...E pluribus unum!

As Comicus and Josephus ENTER the rear of the Senate, there is a sign above that reads "ROMANUS SENATUS." They tiptoe surreptitiously along the back railing. The Senate is now in session.

Cont.

94 Cont. 94 Cont.

LEADER OF THE SENATE
Glutius Maximus, state your proposal.

GLUTIUS MAXIMUS rises and addresses the Senate.

GLUTIUS MAXIMUS
Oh, fellow members of the Roman Senate, hear me! Shall we continue to build palace after palace for the rich, or shall we aspire to a more noble purpose and build decent housing for the poor?

LEADER OF THE SENATE
Senators, how vote you?

The entire Senate rises simultaneously, thrusting their right fists into the air.

ENTIRE SENATE
(in unison)
FUCK THE POOR!

JOSEPHUS
For the people, by the people, fuck the people!

Comicus and Josephus EXIT the rear of the Senate. WE SEE a sign above which reads "TO THE BATHS." They come to an arch with a door with a sign above it that says "STEAM ROOM." They both start in, and clouds of billowing steam come out of the door. Josephus pulls Comicus out and quickly shuts the door.

JOSEPHUS
No good...dangerous in there! Too many detectives.

COMICUS
(incredulous)
Too many detectives?!

JOSEPHUS
Yeah...didn't you see all those dicks hanging' out?

Cont.

94 Cont.1 94 Cont.1

COMICUS
(pushing him)
Come on!

Comicus and Josephus EXIT the steam room and through the arch. They continue to make their way along the square.

CUT TO:

95 THEIR P.O.V. 95

A BLIND MAN taps his way towards them. He wears dark glasses and carries a white cane. Around his neck there is a sign that reads: "OEDIPUS". As he comes nearer, he holds out his cup.

OEDIPUS
Oedipus. Give to Oedipus.

CUT TO:

96 THREE SHOT 96

Comicus passes him. As Josephus passes him, Oedipus speaks:

OEDIPUS
Oh, Josephus.

JOSEPHUS
Hi, motherfucker.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THEATRE 97

Miriam and Swiftus impatiently await Comicus and Josephus. Swiftus paces nervously, his hands behind his back. He stops to consult his wrist hourglass.

CUT TO:

98 CLOSEUP - SWIFTUS 98

As he watches the grains fall in a steady stream.

Cont.

98 Cont. 98 Cont.

SWIFTUS
They should have been here over thirty grains ago...what could be keeping them? You think they've been caught?

MIRIAM
(pointing)
There they are.

She waves.

CUT TO:

99 MIRIAM'S P.O.V. 99

We SEE Comicus and Josephus approaching.

CUT TO:

100 MIRIAM 100

Comicus and Josephus join her. She motions for them to follow her into the theatre.

MIRIAM
(whispering)
Hurry, walk this way.

She goes up a short flight of steps and darts through an opening in a large canvas curtain under a small, crude theatre poster. The others immediately follow her, imitating her quick, feminine manner. They EXIT into the theatre. CAMERA PANS UP TO the poster, which reads:

"THE TROJAN HORSE"

A New Play

"Filled with soldiers and laughs" -- the Thracian Pillar

"Killed them in Greece" -- Helen

FROM O.S. WE HEAR the sound of Palace Guards double-time through the streets. They stop in front of the theatre. Marcus Vindictus is at their head. Captain Mucus ENTERS with his men.

100 Cont. 100 Cont.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
Well, Captain Mucus, what have you found.

CAPTAIN MUCUS
Nothing.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
They must be in the vicinity. They were seen leaving the Senate. Search every marketplace, square and alley. They must be nearby. All, right, let's get moving! Half the men will come with me. The others will run with Mucus.

The Soldiers do a "take". They EXIT.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. THEATRE - CANVAS ENTRANCE/EXIT 101

It parts lightly, WE SEE Comicus peeking out. He motions for the others to follow him. They EXIT the theatre. They are all disguised in Trojan costumes, complete with papier maché swords, etc.

COMICUS
Don't panic. Saunter, casually, saunter, saunter, saunter.

WE HEAR O.S. a voice in the distance.

VOICE
(o.s.)
There they are!

COMICUS
Okay, panic!

Comicus, Josephus, Miriam and Swiftus dash past a Chemist's Shop and disappear into an alley. The CHEMIST emerges, wondering what's going on. Marcus Vindictus and his men run up to the Chemist.

Cont.

101 Cont. 101 Cont.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
I say, chemist, can you help me?

CHEMIST
What are you looking for?

MARCUS VINDICTUS
A pack of Trojans.

The Chemist throws up his hands.

CHEMIST
I'm all out...but I'm getting some in Thursday. Very thin, very nice.

Marcus Vindictus explodes in frustration.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
No! No! You don't understand! After them!

They run up the street.

CUT TO:

102 DOORWAY OF SHOP 102

There, huddled together in the doorway, is our brave little band.

MIRIAM
We've gotta get out of Rome. We've gotta find a place that's safe.

JOSEPHUS
But how? The streets are crawling with soldiers. See?

CUT TO:

103 STREET - JUST OUTSIDE THE SHOP 103

A small column of Roman soldiers crawls by.

OFFICER IN CHARGE
(crawling)
This way, men!

CUT TO:

104 SHOP DOORWAY 104

JOSEPHUS
It's not going to be easy.

COMICUS
(thinking out loud)
We'll never get out. Only a miracle could save us.

FROM O.S. WE HEAR the familiar whinnying of a horse. All heads turn in the same direction.

CUT TO:

105 THEIR P.O.V. 105

There, up the street, tied to a post, is a horse and wagon. The horse is none other than Miracle, their old pal. Miracle has spotted them and is whinnying urgently for them to come over.

CUT TO:

106 TIGHT SHOT - COMICUS/JOSEPHUS/MIRIAM AND SWIFTUS 106

Their faces registering delight.

ALL
(ad-lib)
Miracle!

They start toward Miracle.

COMICUS
Miracle, you gotta get us out of Rome. Do you know the road to Judea?

Miracle nods his head and whinnies.

SWIFTUS
He knows.

They untie the horse and quickly climb aboard the wagon. Suddenly FROM O.S. WE HEAR a familiar voice.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(o.s.)
Ah, hah! No, you don't!

All heads turn.

CUT TO:

107 WIDE SHOT - THEIR P.O.V. 107

WE SEE Marcus Vindictus running towards them. He's way ahead of his men. He raises his sword to attack. Comicus quickly places his shield in front of him to ward off the blow. Marcus Vindictus neatly cuts it in half.

COMICUS
(examining his sliced shield)
I'm fighting with cardboard.

Marcus Vindictus smiles in anticipation of victory. He brings his heavy sword down toward Comicus' neck.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
Good-bye, head.

Comicus grabs Marcus Vindictus' wrist, just in time to prevent the sword from slicing through him.

COMICUS
Hello, balls!

Comicus' knee goes up and crashes into Marcus Vindictus' groin. He immediately collapses and grasps his balls. The wagon takes off. Marcus Vindictus' men run up.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(in a strange, high voice)
Quickly! After them! Get the horses! Get the chariots! Get the men! Get me an ice pack, will ya?

CUT TO:

108 ARCHWAY LEAVING ROME 108

Miracle emerging from the inner city on the high road.

CUT TO:

109 CLOSER SHOT 109

COMICUS
Come on, Miracle, show 'em what you're made of.

663 With a bouyant whinny, Miracle races forward joyously.

CUT TO:

110 ARCHWAY LEADING TO HIGH ROAD 110

A two-man military chariot, pulled by two horses, comes racing through the arch. Captain Mucus is holding the reins. He is flanked by one archer.

CAPTAIN MUCUS
(shouting back toward archway)
Hurry! After them! They mustn't get away.

Captain Mucus races down the road after them, tearing through the archway. WE SEE two more chariots. Each chariot contains TWO SOLDIERS. They form a "V" with Mucus' chariot in the lead.

CUT TO:

111 OUR HEROES 111

Miracle is moving the cart along at a good, fast pace. Josephus, looking back toward the city, spots them coming.

JOSEPHUS
Uhoh...here come the bad guys.

Josephus taps Comicus on the shoulder and points behind. Comicus looks. Arrows pass by.

COMICUS
Get down!

CUT TO:

112 WIDE SHOT 112

Captain Mucus and the other chariots. They furiously whip their mounts forward.

CAPTAIN MUCUS
After them! After them!

CUT TO:

113 OUR HEROES 113

MIRIAM
Poor Miracle! He's getting tired. He's slowing down.

Cont.

113 Cont.

113 Cont.

COMICUS
(shouting over his shoulder)
We've got to get rid of the extra weight. Dump the beer kegs. Fire One!

Swiftus unloosens the beer kegs and rolls them off, one at a time.

SWIFTUS
One away.

CUT TO:

114 KEGS EXPLODING 114

Through the rain of beer, Captain Mucus continues to charge.

CUT TO:

115 TIGHT SHOT 115

COMICUS
Fire Two!

CUT TO:

116 JOSEPHUS 116

He pulls a lever. The keg is discharged.

JOSEPHUS
Two away.

CUT TO:

117 THE ROAD BEHIND THEM 117

WE SEE a tremendous explosion of beer. Captain Mucus' horses rear in panic. The enemy is temporarily halted.

CUT TO:

118 OUR HEROES 118

Swiftus, Miriam and Josephus jump for joy.

SWIFTUS
We've stopped them! We've stopped them!

Cont.

118 Cont. 118 Cont.

COMICUS
We've only stopped them temporarily. They'll be on us in a minute.

Josephus sniffs the air.

JOSEPHUS
Wait! Stop! Pull over! I smell something. I've got an idea.

COMICUS
Okay, okay.

CUT TO:

119 TIGHT SHOT - WAGON - MEADOW 119

JOSEPHUS
Swiftus, hand me that sheet of papyrus.

Swiftus hands him an enormous sheet of white parchment. He dumps the leaves in the middle of the paper and begins to roll it up.

CUT TO:

120 CLOSEUP - COMICUS 120

COMICUS
This is madness...madness! They're just over the hill. What are you doing?

CUT TO:

121 JOSEPHUS 121

He has finished rolling up the "thing" and is busy striking flintstones and blowing. It catches alight and begins to smolder. Josephus runs to the other side and quickly puffs at the end to keep it lit.

COMICUS
(o.s.)
Hurry! Hurry!

Cont.

121 Cont. 121 Cont.

Josephus climbs back on the wagon and holds his smoking creation proudly in front of him.

MIRIAM
(o.s.)
Here they come!

CUT TO:

122 MIRIAM'S P.O.V. 122

WE SEE the enemy chariots on the crest of the hill, quickly gaining ground.

CUT BACK TO:

123 JOSEPHUS 123

waving the "joint" in the air.

JOSEPHUS
Never fear! We're now armed with 'Mighty Joint!'

CUT TO:

124 WIDER SHOT 124

Comicus urges Miracle forward and once again they are back on the road.

CUT TO:

125 CLOSE SHOT - ENEMY ARCHERS 125

They let fly their arrows.

CUT TO:

126 OUR HEROES 126

Arrows fly by.

COMICUS
Keep down!

Josephus waves the "joint" furiously, creating huge billows of smoke.

MIRIAM
It's no good. They're gaining.
They're gaining!

CUT TO:

127 CAPTAIN MUCUS - IN LEAD CHARIOT 127

WE SEE clouds of smoke drift by. He coughs and waves it away.

CUT TO:

128 QUICK SUCCESSIVE SHOTS 128

of every chariot. The soldiers are having trouble seeing. The smoke grows thicker and thicker.

CUT TO:

129 EXTREME CLOSEUP - BLACK HORSES PULLING CAPTAIN MUCUS' CHARIOT 129

Their eyes begin to roll.

CUT TO:

130 MORE QUICK SUCCESSIVE SHOTS OF ENEMY SOLDIERS 130

The marijuana smoke is definitely getting to them.

CUT TO:

131 CAPTAIN MUCUS 131

He is fighting for control of his senses.

CAPTAIN MUCUS
(shouting to troops)
Onward, forward.
(breaks into a big grin)
Northward, Southward, all around the mouthward.

CUT TO:

132 CHARIOT #2 132

The Archers are definitely high. One of them looks at the other and takes his arrow from his quiver.

ARCHER #1
Come on, let's see who can hit the sun.

They both hold their bows aloft and shoot at the sun.

CUT TO:

133 CHARIOT #3 133

The men in it are almost enveloped in smoke. They begin to laugh and lose control.

CUT TO:

134 WIDE SHOT - THE THREE ENEMY CHARIOTS 134

They slow down, and turn in a lazy circle.

CUT TO:

135 WAGON 135

SWIFTUS
It's working. It's working.

Everyone jumps for joy.

ALL
(AD-LIB)
Yeah! Yeah!

Josephus hurls the remaining "joint" in the direction of the enemy. It falls near their parked chariots and continues to smolder.

CUT TO:

136 AN ARCHER 136

He pulls the string of his bow straight back. He lets the string go with a mighty twang and the arrow sticks in the front of the bow. He follows the flight of the imaginary arrow.

ARCHER #2
Short, but accurate.

He doubles over in laughter and falls to the ground.

CUT TO:

137 TWO SOLDIERS 137

lying with their heads resting on their hands, looking up to the sky. Their legs, crossed over their knees, bounce idly.

SOLDIER #3
I like Ben-Hur.

137 Cont. 137 Cont.

SOLDIER #4
The guy or the movie?

SOLDIER #3
Both.

CUT TO:

138 WIDE SHOT 138

Marcus Vindictus pulls up. His chariot rests close to the smoldering "joint". Billows of smoke drift by him as he speaks:

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(screaming)
What in the Quo Vadis is happening here? Why have you stopped? Why aren't you chasing them? Are you all crazy? Have you lost your senses?!

The smoke drifts into his face.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
Do you want to be arrested for insubordination? Do you want to be stripped of your rank and privileges? Do you want to be thrown into the dungeon? Do you want to dance?

And with a gay abandoned laugh, Marcus Vindictus begins to Lindy wildly. The cry goes up.

SOLDIERS
(AD-LIB)
LINDUS!

CUT TO:

139 WIDE SHOT 139

Soldiers all doing a big, fast Lindy with each other.

MARCUS VINDICTUS
(to Mucus, with whom he is dancing)
You're good.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. FOREST - IN JUDEA 140

A SUPERIMPOSED SIGN ON SCREEN READS: "SOMEWHERE IN JUDEA." Comicus leads Miracle. Josephus walks by his side. Miriam and Swiftus are riding on the horse's back. Miriam points to an area just ahead.

MIRIAM
There it is.

CUT TO:

141 MIRIAM'S P.O.V. 141

WE SEE a small, crude Inn nestled at the edge of the forest. A sign over a door of the Inn reads: "SIGN OF THE FISH." A smaller sign underneath reads: "OVER A DOZEN SOLD." Our heroes ENTER FRAME.

MIRIAM
See? I told you there was work to be found here.

She points to a sign near the entrance of the Inn.

CUT TO:

142 INSERT - SIGN 142

"HELP WANTED: CASHIER, WAITER AND DISHWASHER"

CUT TO:

143 OUR HEROES 143

MIRIAM
I'll be the cashier.

COMICUS
I'll be the waiter.

JOSEPHUS
I'll be the hatcheck girl.

Comicus and Miriam stare at him.

Cont.

143 Cont.

143 Cont.

JOSEPHUS
Okay, okay. I'll be the dishwasher. But mark my words, some day there will be a device that will do all of mankinds dishes and it shall be called a NIGGER!

COMICUS
Will you please...

SWIFTUS
I'll take Miracle and scout the area for a possible club date. I'll try Galilee, I heard that King Herod has just brought in gambling. Come on, Miracle.

He clicks his tongue. Miracle breaks into a trot and he's off.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

144 INT. INN - SIGN ON DOOR 144

"PRIVATE SUPPER"

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Maitre D' examining Comicus dressed as a waiter.

MAITRE D'
Now tonight we have a private party. Take their orders, be correct, be polite and push the mulled wine, it's turning, we're stuck with it.

The Maitre d' hands Comicus a stylis, a pad of parchment, a menu.

COMICUS
(taking them)
Yes, sir!

Comicus opens the door and EXITS into the private dining room. Two people ENTER the FRAME. They are obviously looking for a table.

MAITRE D'
Yes, table for two?

Cont.

144 Cont. 144 Cont.

The Maitre d' looks for a waiter. He spots one. He pops his mouth to attract the waiter's attention. A WAITER immediately comes over.

MAITRE D'
(to waiter)
Lazarus, take them outside on the terrace. Table twenty-two, overlooking the tower...the Bable Table.

CUT TO:

145 INT. PRIVATE ROOM 145

MEN in simple garb are seated at a long wooden table. Comicus ENTERS. FROM O.S. WE HEAR a gentle, but commanding, resonant voice.

VOICE (MAN IN CENTER)
(o.s.)
Before this night is over, one of you shall betray me three times.

CHORUS
(o.s.)
No, Master! No, nay, never!

Comicus looks toward the source of the noise.

CUT TO:

146 COMICUS' P.O.V. 146

The man at the center of the table wears white robes. He is thin, with haunting eyes, has long hair and there is a strange glow about him. The others at the table seem to be his followers.

CUT TO:

147 WIDE SHOT 147

Comicus is at the end of the table.

One of the men near the end of the table speaks:

147 Cont. 147 Cont.

MAN #2
Master, how can you harbor a feeling that anyone here would betray you? You, who we would follow even unto our deaths.

COMICUS
(to everyone)
Does everyone want soup?

The whole table turns and stares at Comicus.

MAN #3
Please! We must talk. This may be our last supper.

COMICUS
I'm sorry, but this happens to be my first order. Just one more question and I'll let you go. Are you all together or is it separate checks?

ALL THE MEN
Quiet! Hold it down. Sshh.

COMICUS
Okay, okay...

The Man In the Center of the table speaks.

MAN IN CENTER
Yea, yea, so you say. But one who sits amongst us has already this night betrayed me.

ALL
(AD-LIB)
Who? Who? No! No! Who?

CUT TO:

148 CLOSEUP 148

Comicus is studying crude nameplates identifying each man.

CUT TO:

149 INSERT - NAMEPLATE 149

It is Judas'.

CUT TO:

150 MASTER SHOT 150

Comicus points toward a man at the table.

COMICUS
(yelling)
Judas!

Gasping, everybody at the table stares at Judas.

COMICUS
Did you want a beverage? How about some mulled wine?

CUT TO:

151 CLOSEUP - JUDAS 151

Sweat is pouring from Judas.

JUDAS
(nervously)
...No. Nothing. Please leave us alone.

CUT TO:

152 MASTER SHOT 152

At that moment, the door flies open. There is a commotion O.S.

CUT TO:

153 SOURCE OF COMMOTION 153

The Maitre d' is talking to a man. The man has all sorts of painting paraphernalia tucked under his arms: easel, palette, canvas, frames, brushes, etc.

MAITRE D'
You can't go in there. It's a private party.

MAN WITH PAINTS
'Ey, gotz en gool, I got a job here.

MAITRE D'
To do what?

MAN WITH PAINTS
To paint a picture. I was hired.

Cont.

153 Cont. 153 Cont.

MAN #3
(to Maitre d')
Oh, it's all right. Please send him in. We ordered a group portrait.

The Maitre d' opens the door and indicates for the painter to enter.

MAN #3
Leonardo, please...come in.

DA VINCI
Grazia. Grazia.

The door closes behind the Maitre d', leaving da Vinci standing there. Da Vinci surveys the scene.

DA VINCI
Eh, fa nable, this is no good. Backs. Backs. All I see is backs. Okay, everybody who wants to get in da pitch go on the other side of the table.

Those with their backs in the f.g. quickly scurry around to the other side of the table, including Comicus, who has picked up a big, shiny pewter serving plate. Comicus quickly runs around and stands behind the Man In the Center to make sure he gets into the picture. As Comicus bends and smiles, he is completely unaware that he is holding the big pewter platter behind the Man In the Center's head, creating the effect of a halo. Da Vinci, who has begun painting, while everybody scurried around, says:

DA VINCI
Hold it!

Everybody freezes as Leonardo paints furiously. The FRAME FREEZES slowly, turning into the famous painting of da Vinci's "Last Supper."

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

"HISTORY OF THE WORLD - PART I"

"THE FRENCH REVOLUTION"

1 PAINTING 1

WE OPEN in our Book ON a painting of the Palace of Versailles, circa 1789. WE HEAR A NARRATOR'S VOICE OVER:

NARRATOR
(voice over)
It was the best of times.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

2 ANOTHER PAINTING 2

A squalid Parisian street scene. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the street scene. The Narrator's voice over continues:

NARRATOR
(voice over)
It was the worst of times.

As he speaks, the Narrator's hand comes INTO THE FRAME and starts to turn the page. The page rips. Unfortunately, the rip goes right through the painting of the French street. The Narrator's hand tries to smooth over the tear.

NARRATOR
(voice over)
But, mostly, it was the worst of times.

THE CAMERA MOVES ONTO the street sign of "Rue De Merde" on the corner of a building. WE SEE that the page/painting is torn between "De" and "Merde."

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

3 PAINTING BECOMES REALITY" 3

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN the tear in the building. A PUZZLED MAN leans out of his window and examines this sudden tear in his building. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALING that the entire

3 Cont. 3 Cont.

street has been torn like the page of the book. A DRIVER examines his ripped cart. A horse trough is torn in two and water is running out into the street. The Narrator is speaking:

NARRATOR
(voice over)
It was a very bad time. For people were hungry. There was very little to eat. The setting was perfect for...the French Revolution.

THE CAMERA MOVES ONTO another spot in the street, which is filled with BEGGARS and pushcarts. INTO VIEW steps A VENDOR with a pushcart filled with a mountain of apple cores. A sign above them reads "APPLE CORES."

APPLE CORE VENDOR
Apple cores, apple cores, nice apple cores freshly picked from the garbage of the rich.

The Apple Core Vendor MOVES O.S. INTO VIEW comes a SECOND VENDOR. His pushcart is filled with dead rats. A sign reads "DEAD RATS."

DEAD RAT VENDOR
Rats, rats, nice dead rats for sale! Perfect for rat stew, rat soup, rat pie, and the ever popular ratatouille!

The Rat Vendor MOVES O.S. A THIRD VENDOR comes INTO VIEW pushing a cart with absolutely nothing on it.

EMPTY CART VENDOR
Nothing, nothing, nothing for sale! Who will buy my nothing? Here's where you get your nothing! Nothing, nothing...

The Vendor MOVES O.S. A WELL-TO-DO MAN ENTERS the FRAME, walking down the street. He is immediately accosted by a

663 BEGGAR IN RAGS.

Cont.

BEGGAR #1
Please, sir! Something, anything! I'm starving to death!

The Man pushes the Beggar away with his cane.

MAN
Get away! Get away! Don't bother me.

The Beggar leaves. A SECOND BEGGAR approaches.

BEGGAR #2
Please, sir! Money, anything! Help me, help me!

MAN
Get your filthy hands off me! Be gone!

The Man EXITS THE FRAME. Beggar #1 approaches Beggar #2.

BEGGAR #1
Please, give me something, anything! I'm starving. Help me!

BEGGAR #2
No! You help me! Something, anything! I'm starving! Please!

BEGGAR #1
No! I asked first. Me! Something, anything!

BEGGAR #2
But I'm in rags! I have nothing! You have teeth!

As the Beggars MOVE O.S. WE PAN ONTO a sign on a mouldy, yellow building. The sign reads "MADAME DE FARGE'S INN -- SERVING THE SCUM OF PARIS FOR OVER 300 YEARS." WE HEAR the clack of knitting needles as the CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN AND STOPS AT an open window. In the window, WE SEE the infamous MADAME DE FARGE. THE CAMERA MOVES IN TOWARD HER as she knits, without wool. She sports a large, pointed wart on

Cont.

3 Cont.2

her nose. Her knitting without wool sets up a "click-clack" rhythm. At the end of several "click-clacks," she punctuates her knitting, like a typewriter, with a "twang" from her wart, using her index finger.

END OF U.S. FILMING

The Man EXITS THE FRAME. Beggar #1 approaches Beggar #2.

BEGGAR #1
Please, give me something, anything! I'm starving. Help me!

BEGGAR #2
No! You help me! Something, anything! I'm starving! Please!

BEGGAR #1
No! I asked first. Me! Something, anything!

BEGGAR #2
But I'm in rags! I have nothing! You have teeth!

As the Beggars MOVE O.S. WE PAN ONTO a sign on a mouldy, yellow building. The sign reads "MADAME DE FARGE'S INN--SERVING THE SCUM OF PARIS FOR OVER 300 YEARS." WE HEAR the clack of knitting needles as the CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN AND STOPS at an open window. In the window, WE SEE the infamous MADAME DE FARGE. THE CAMERA MOVES IN TOWARD HER as she knits, without wool. She sports a large, pointed wart on her nose. Her knitting without wool sets up a "click-clack" rhythm. At the end of several "click-clack"'s, she punctuates her knitting, like a typewriter, with a "twang" from her wart, using her index finger. Standing next to her in the window, WE SEE her old crone, BAGUETTE, who smokes a corn-cob pipe. Madame De Farge, who had been watching the Beggars, turns to Baguette.

MADAME DE FARGE
Look! Things are so bad that beggars are begging from beggars!

BAGUETTE
(blowing smoke out of her pipe)
They're here. The meeting is beginning.

Baguette looks surreptitiously up and down the street and closes the window's shutters.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR OF THE INN

About 50 shabbily-dressed CITIZENS sit on wooden benches in a rough semi-circle. As Madame De Farge crosses from the window to her rocking chair by the fire and sits down, the Citizens speak to her.

CITIZENS
(ad lib)
Bonjour, Madame De Farge.

MADAME DE FARGE
Bonjour, scum.

The Citizens wait attentively for Madame De Farge to speak.

MADAME DE FARGE
Fellow wretches, I don't have to tell you that poverty stalks the streets of Paris. Families don't have enough money for a crust of bread. We are down to almost nothing. Last week, I myself, ran out of wool. We have no rights. We have no say. We have no dignity. We're so poor, we don't even have a language. Just this stupid accent.

A man in front, GERARD, stands up.

GERARD
She's right, she's right. We all talk like Maurice Chevalier. Honhhh, honhhh, honhhh...

MADAME DE FARGE
We need a new national anthem, a song that speaks of struggle and triumph. Will the national anthem committee let us hear the new French national anthem.

TWO MEN and TWO WOMEN stand up. The Men remove their hats and put them to their breasts. They sing a cappella to the tune of "Sweet Sue," slowly at first, and then they get into it.

CONTINUED.....

SINGERS
DOWN WITH MONARCHY. *
DOWN WITH TYRANNY.
SAVE FRANCE! LET'S DANCE!
DOWN WITH...

MADAME DE FARGE
(interrupting)
Hold it! Hold it! I'm sure *
you can do better. Keep working!

A CITIZEN mutters under his breath. *

CITIZEN
(muttering) *
I don't know...I thought that
was pretty good.

MADAME DE FARGE
It is time for action! Heads must
roll, bodies must be crushed, blood
must run like a river through the
streets of Paris! Let's face it,
we're gonna hurt some feelings!

She has been rocking furiously all through her previous speech. On her last line, she nearly goes over. Baguette stops her.

MADAME DE FARGE
Merci, Baguette.

BAGUETTE
It's nothing.

CONTINUED.....

Madame De Farge stands.

MADAME DE FARGE
Everyone stand. Raise your right fists. Right!

Everyone stands. Half of them change fists when she says "Right!"

MADAME DE FARGE
Now repeat after me. Death to King Louis!

CROWD
(repeating)
Death to King Louis!

MADAME DE FARGE
Good! Let's end this meeting on a high note.

She sings a very high note. Everybody joins in.

CUT TO:

COUNTRY LANE--DAY

A splendid coach is pulled over to the side. The right front wheel is being repaired by an elegantly attired FOOTMAN. A similarly well-dressed DRIVER sits atop the coach, watching the Footman's progress. A BEGGAR ENTERS THE FRAME. He approaches the window of the coach.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT

The Beggar reaches into the coach and speaks.

BEGGAR
Please, kind sir, I am starving. I haven't had a bite in days.

WE HEAR a crunching sound. The Beggar screams and pulls his hand back in pain.

BEGGAR
Yeeowww!!!

A face APPEARS in the open frame of the carriage window. It is the handsome, evil COUNT DE MONET, the most powerful intriguer in the French Court. He speaks.

CONTINUED.....

COUNT DE MONET
There! Now you've gotten your bite, be off with you!

The Footman props the coach up with a wooden stick, O.S.
The coach lurches on its springs.

COUNT DE MONET (Contd)
(annoyed)
What's going on?

FOOTMAN (O.S.)
Sorry, Count De Money.

COUNT DE MONET
(shouting angrily)
De Monet! De Monet!

(to the Beggar)
You still here? What do you want?

BEGGAR
Sir! I'm starving. Please! I need money to buy food. A sou, a franc, a louis, an irving, anything!

COUNT DE MONET
Let me try to understand this. You want me to give you a franc.

BEGGAR
(in a half cry)
Yes!

COUNT DE MONET
Good, good! And, if I give you that franc, what do you give me?

BEGGAR
The knowledge that you have saved a human being's life!

COUNT DE MONET
Hmmm...I'd rather keep the money.

BEGGAR
Oh, sir!

COUNT DE MONET
(turning)
Oh, but with this long ride and this exhausting conversation, I'm famished. Bernaise!

CUT TO:

INSIDE OF THE COACH

Count De Monet's aide, BERNAISE, responds to Count De Monet.

BERNAISE
Yes?

COUNT DE MONET
Do we have any of those delicious raisins left?

BERNAISE
(clutching a bag of raisins to his chest)
You ate yours. These are mine.

COUNT DE MONET
Bernaise, don't be saucy with me!
(snaps his fingers)
Hand them to me!

With a sigh, Bernaise hands them over, stealing one back and surreptitiously popping it into his mouth, thereby gaining a small victory.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT--COUNT DE MONET AND THE BEGGAR

The Beggar sees the raisins. His eyes gleam with desire.

BEGGAR
Sir! Sir!

COUNT DE MONET
(munching the raisins)
Yes?

BEGGAR
Sir, if you won't give me a franc, won't you please give me some raisins?

COUNT DE MONET
Raisins...raisins? You want me to give you some raisins? Hmmm... what are your reasons for my raisins?

BEGGAR
Reasons for your raisins?
(thinking)
...Reasons for your raisins. Well, raisins are nutritious.

CONTINUED...

BEGGAR (Contd)
They contain iron and by eating them I will stay alive. And those are my main reasons for your raisins.

COUNT DE MONET
Your raisin reasoning is not good enough. You see, you've left out the raison d'etre!

BEGGAR
The raison d'etre?

COUNT DE MONET
Yes. You see, I was meant to have these raisins. These are my raisins. These are not your raisins.

Count De Monet points to Bernaise.

COUNT DE MONET
These are not Bernaise' raisins.

Count De Monet points to the Driver and the Footman.

COUNT DE MONET
These are not the Driver's or the Footman's raisins. These are not just anybody's raisins. These are my raisins. You've utterly failed to give me enough good reasons for my raisins. Instead of pleasin' me with reasons, you were merely gazin' at my raisins. So for your amazin' lack of raisin reasoning, you shan't have my raisins!

BEGGAR
I shan't have these raisins. But, sir, if I don't eat anything I will die! Could you watch me die?!

COUNT DE MONET
I'd love to watch you die but I don't have the time. We're running a little late this morning. But this is a very, very busy road. I'm sure you'll find someone to watch you die.
(raps on the side of the coach with his cane)
Drive on!

By now the wheel has been fixed and the Driver and Footman are seated again on top of the coach.

CONTINUED.....

The coach moves on. The Beggar is left alone in the road, mumbling to himself.

BEGGAR
Raisins...reasons...reasons for the raisins. I gave good reasons for my raisins. He kept raisin' different reasons for not giving me the raisins...

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

THE COACH
Arriving at the rear courtyard of the Palace gate. The coach comes to a stop. The gates are opened to admit Count De Monet and his aide. TWO liveried Palace SERVANTS begin to unroll a red carpet from a doweling as they start through the gates. A CROWD OF BEGGARS surge around the coach. ONE of them speaks.*

ONE BEGGAR
Count De Money, Count De Money!

The crowd of Beggars joins in.

ALL BEGGARS
Count de Money, yes, please, kind sirs, we're starving! Something, please, we're starving! Please, please...

COUNT DE MONET
De Monet! De Monet!

HALF A DOZEN Palace GUARDS quickly rush out to disperse the mob and make way for Count De Monet. They brutally knock and club the mob into submission with the butts of their muskets. Many of the wretched beggars are trapped underneath the red rug. Count De Monet and Bernaise crush the bodies beneath them as they blithely make their way into the courtyard.

BERNAISE
We must get rid of the tailor. I don't like what they've done with those cuffs. I don't like those cuffs. They're too high! A man's cuffs should always be even with the tip of his schlonge!

CONTINUED.....

Count De Monet walks back and forth, displaying his cuffs, crushing the beggars trapped underneath the rug.

BEGGARS (O.S.)
(ad lib)
Ahhh...ohhh...oyyy!

COUNT DE MONET
You're right, and while you're about it, fire the pastry chef. Last night, there were only six layers in the seven-layer cake.

BERNAISE
You're pulling my jambone! Perhaps you counted wrong.

COUNT DE MONET
I never count wrong! A duke can count wrong. An earl can count wrong. A marquis can count wrong. But a count never counts wrong!

They EXIT into the courtyard.

CUT TO:

THE GRAND SALON OF THE PALACE

It is breathtakingly beautiful. The walls are hung with exquisite tapestries. A huge, splendid crystal chandelier dominates the room. The floor is composed of beautifully inlaid parquet. It has been waxed and polished to a glossy finish. At one end of the room, WE SEE a small GROUP OF STRING MUSICIANS playing chamber music. At the center of the floor SEVERAL COUPLES are dancing a minuet. SERVANTS are passing among the gorgeously-attired LADIES AND NOBLES with trays of canapes and champagne. SOME of the illustrious GENTLEMEN are gathered in knots of conversation around the room. THE CAMERA DRIFTS BY various people. WE SEE TWO bewigged and bejeweled GENTLEMEN seated at a table playing whist with large, elegant cards. Standing next to them, looking into a full-length mirror, WE SEE a fashionable GRAND DAME in her mid-fifties. She examines herself in the mirror as she applies perfume from a rather large bottle to her neck and bosom. She discretely sniffs herself to see if the perfume is working.

CONTINUED.....

She is obviously not satisfied with the results. She throws the dauber away and pours the contents of the bottle liberally down the inside of her dress--front, back, sleeves, etc. THE CAMERA MOVES ON, finally COMING TO REST on a splendidly dressed member of the Peerage, the MARQUIS DE VEAU, and a GROUP OF NOBLEMEN, including the DUKE D'HONNEFLEUR. A NOBLEMAN addresses the Marquis De Veau.

NOBLEMAN
My dear Marquis, tell me, what do you think of these rumors of an imminent revolution?

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Well, I think it's nonsense, don't you? I mean, the peasants simply don't have the pluck for that sort of thing.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spots someone.

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Oh, Mon Dieu, we're in luck. Here comes the very person who can tell us everything.

They all look.

CUT TO:

GRAND SALON ENTRANCE

The COURT SPOKESMAN stands by the entrance. WE SEE Count De Monet and Bernaise ENTER. The Court Spokesman announces them.

COURT SPOKESMAN
Monsieur Bernaise and Count De Money.

COUNT DE MONET
De Monet! De Monet!

CUT BACK TO:

THE GROUP

The Nobleman whispers to Marquis De Veau.

NOBLEMAN
Count De Monet? Who is he?

CONTINUED.....

MARQUIS DE VEAU
(annoyed at the question)
Only the most powerful man in France outside of the King.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

Count De Monet and Bernaise approach the group.

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Oh, Monsieur Le Count, we are honored to have you in our midst.

COUNT DE MONET
Yes, yes, thank you, my dear Marquis. We have had a most tiring journey. I must relieve myself before I burst. Garcon, garcon de pisse!

CUT TO:

DE MONET'S P.O.V.--JACQUES--OUR HERO

He carries a copper pail. He rushes over in response to Count De Monet's request.

JACQUES
Oui, oui?

COUNT DE MONET
Yes, a lot of it. Hold your pail still.

Count De Monet begins to undo his fly. THE CAMERA DRIFTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER to a discrete ABOVE-THE-WAIST SHOT.

COUNT DE MONET
You look familiar. Who do you look like?

JACQUES
My brother, Bernie.

COUNT DE MONET
Never mind!

As he begins to relieve himself, WE SOON begin to HEAR the sounds of a generous stream of pee banging against the sides of the copper pail. Everyone busies themselves with snuff, hankies, etc, while Count De Monet relieves himself.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--JACQUES

Jacques smiles and titters politely.

CUT BACK TO:

ALL THE MEN

COUNT DE MONET
Who is that girl?

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V.

She is MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD.

COUNT DE MONET (O.S.)
She's beautiful.

CUT BACK TO:

ALL THE MEN

They all turn. Jacques notices the beautiful girl they are talking about. As she dances by, he swings his body around to continue following her movements. The SOUNDS OF PEEING suddenly CHANGE as he unconsciously takes his pail away.

BERNAISE
Oh, Monsieur Le Count...

COUNT DE MONET
Yes, Bernaise?

BERNAISE
Pardon, but you're pissing on my shoe.

COUNT DE MONET
Oh, I'm sorry.

He smacks Jacques, waking him from his reverie.

COUNT DE MONET
Mind your pail!

JACQUES
Oh, yes, sorry.

THE SOUND OF PEEING STOPS. Jacques turns and starts to leave. Count De Monet taps him on the shoulder.

COUNT DE MONET
Uh, uh...wait for the shake.

CONTINUED.....

JACQUES
Sorry.

Count De Monet moves his body, indicating a shake.

COUNT DE MONET
All right, you may go.

Jacques starts to leave. The Marquis De Veau stops him.

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Oh, garcon, wait! I'm in need of your services.

JACQUES
(presenting his pail)
Mais certainment.

MARQUIS DE VEAU
(holding up two fingers)
No, no. Numero deux.

JACQUES
Whoa! I'll be right back.

He EXITS.

MARQUIS DE VEAU
What do you think of this impending revolution?

COUNT DE MONET
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...I'm worried about it. Ah, yes, you see, the most important thing is to preserve the monarchy no matter what.

As Count De Monet speaks, Jacques RETURNS with a larger pail with a seat top and a screen. He sets the pail down and discretely places the screen around it. He places a towel over his arm.

JACQUES
Assayez vous, Monsieur.

As Marquis De Veau fusses with his trousers:

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Yes, yes, go on. By the monarchy you mean King Louis?

CONTINUED.....

Once more, the CAMERA MOVES UP as Marquis De Veau fusses with his trousers and sits down. WE can ONLY SEE his face turning red.

COUNT DE MONET
No, it's not Louis I mean, but the thing he wears on his head.

BERNAISE
His wig?

COUNT DE MONET
Not his wig, you fool! The crown. The crown is everything. You see, mes cher amis, it's all connected. If we lose the King we lose the crown. If we lose the crown we lose our titles. If we lose our titles we're in the shithouse. N'est ce pas?

NOBLEMAN
Mais oui!

DUKE D'HONNEFLEUR
Mais oui!

BERNAISE
Mais oui!

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Mmmmmais oui!

COUNT DE
So even though we all know our beloved Louis is a royal asshole, we must keep him alive at all costs. Do you agree?

NOBLEMAN
Agreed.

DUKE D'HONNEFLEUR
Agreed.

BERNAISE
Agreed.

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Aaaaagreed.

CONTINUED.....

DUKE D'HONNEFLEUR
But, if there is a revolution, how do we save him? Do you have a plan?

Count De Monet snaps his fingers. Except for the Marquis De Veau they bring their heads together. *

COUNT DE MONET
Yes! What we have to do is...

A slight sound of flatulence escapes from Marquis De Veau. Everyone discretely removes their scented handkerchiefs from their cuffs. Count De Monet pauses for a second and continues. *

COUNT DE MONET
...Give them the King.

NOBLEMAN
What?!

DUKE D'HONNEFLEUR
What?!

BERNAISE
What?!

MARQUIS DE VEAU
Uuuunnnhhh?!

COUNT DE MONET
But not the real King. We'll supply them with a double!

NOBLEMAN
A double?

BERNAISE
A double?

DUKE D'HONNEFLEUR
A double?

CONTINUED.....

MARQUIS DE VEAU
(straining)
Uhhhhh a double?

(DINK.) A well-dressed MESSENGER ENTERS.

MESSENGER
Monsieur Le Comte, his Majesty, King Louis, desires to play a game of chess with you in the garden.

COUNT DE MONET
Good, good! I could use some fresh air.

Count De Monet EXITS.

CUT TO:

JACQUES
He retrieves his pail, goes to the window and begins to open it.

CUT TO:

ALLEY--IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE
A MAN is standing on a cart addressing the rabble.

MAN
...And Madame De Farge is right. We are nothing! It's not fair. We're less than the dirt under their feet. We live like swine and, in there, they're living like kings. We weave their clothes, we harvest their crops, we fight their wars. And what do they give us in return?!

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOT
Of Jacques opening the window and emptying the pail.

CUT BACK TO:

THE MAN

CONTINUED.....

MAN
They shit on us!

He is covered with the contents of Jacques' pail.

MAN
See?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--THE KING
His face is a mask of concentration. FROM O.S. WE HEAR a strange little voice.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's your move, your Majesty.

KING
I'm quite aware of that, you petite putz!

Once again, he looks at something O.S. and thoughtfully taps his chin.

KING
Hmmmmm...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL LOUIS THE 16TH, King of France. He is resplendent in his royal gold, purple and white costume. Atop his bewigged head sits a small gold and jeweled crown. He sports a little "W" moustache and has a beauty mark at the bottom of his right cheek. He wears a ring on every finger of his hand. He wears white stockings and white high-heeled shoes crowned with beautiful diamond buckles. Sitting on the King's lap is LE MUFF, his favorite midget. THREE OTHER MIDGETS sit at the foot of his throne. THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK. WE SEE, seated next to the King, the Count De Monet. The King and De Monet are seated atop a raised terrace with steps leading down to the lawn.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--THE KING
He picks up a white megaphone and points it down toward the lawn and speaks.

KING
Knight to Rook four.

CUT TO:

THE KING'S P.O.V.

The lawn beneath them. WE SEE that the lawn has been trimmed into the shape of a huge, life-size chess board made up of large red and white squares. The white squares are composed * of little white daisies. The red squares are made up of geraniums or azaleas. The chess pieces are made up of living * people. It is all quite impressive. KNIGHTS ride beautiful papier mache horses. The BISHOPS are really bishops. The PAWNS are short, squat soldiers wearing metal helmets. The Knight, taking his instruction from the King, jumps a Pawn and lands two squares to his right. The Knight adds a little dash to his move by making his papier mache horse prance and buck a bit.

CUT BACK TO:

THE KING AND COUNT DE MONET

The King is very pleased with his move. He looks at De Monet.

KING
It's your move, De Money.

Count De Monet picks up his black megaphone. *

COUNT DE MONET
...Yes, sire. Pawn threatens Bishop.

The King stares at the board. He is a little disturbed.

KING
Ah, I see! You think you can take my Bishop, eh? Well, we mustn't let you beat the Bishop! I'm invoking the King's privilege. Three moves to one.

Count De Monet represses a snarl.

COUNT DE MONET
(under his breath) *
Shit!

The King picks up his megaphone.

KING
Knight jumps Queen.

CUT TO:

THE BOARD

The Knight, horse and all, jumps on the Queen. He knocks her down. The King's voice continues O.S.

KING (O.S.)
Bishop jumps Queen.

The Bishop ENTERS THE SCREEN and jumps on the Queen.

KING (O.S.)
Pawns jump Queen.

The Pawns follow suit.

CUT TO:

THE KING

He jumps up, shouts, throws his megaphone into the air and rushes O.S.

KING
GANG BANG!

CUT TO:

THE PILE UP

The King, the chess pieces and the midgets are all pumping furiously. Count De Monet ENTERS THE FRAME. He is, to say the least, displeased with the King's behavior.

COUNT DE MONET
Your Majesty, please! We have to discuss affairs of state.

KING
You're lookin' at one! Oh, all right. Break it up! Help the Queen up. Give her some air. Get her a towel. What is it?

COUNT DE MONET
Your Majesty, it is said that the people are revolting.

KING
You said it! They stink on ice.

COUNT DE MONET
But, your Majesty, rumor has it that the people are starving to death, that they have no bread to eat.

CUT TO:

THE QUEEN AND HER LADIES IN WAITING

The Queen, who has recovered from her assault, overhears Count De Monet say that the peasants have no bread to eat.

QUEEN
(toweling herself off)
Let them eat cake!

CUT BACK TO:

THE KING AND COUNT DE MONET

The King indicates his crotch with his thumbs as he shouts:

KING
'Ey! Let 'em eat this!

COUNT DE MONET
Yes, yes, your Majesty, let them eat this. But we must discuss this problem. The peasants feel you have no regard for them.

KING
No regard? They're my people. I love them! PULL!

CUT TO:

THE KING'S P.O.V.

Instead of a clay pigeon, a Peasant comes flying through the air. The King picks up a musket OUT OF FRAME and fires successfully at his target. The Peasant SCREAMS and falls to earth.

CUT BACK TO:

THE KING AND COUNT DE MONET

KING
What would we do without them?
(then, to himself)
Hmmm...I seem to be drifting just a little to the left. You were saying?

COUNT DE MONET
Your Majesty, the situation is worsening. The peasants may grow violent.

KING
Ohhh, violence. If there's one thing I detest it's violence. PULL!

CONTINUED.....

BOOM! Goes the musket. *

COUNT DE MONET *
But, your Majesty, just in case of the remote possibility of a temporary revolution, don't you think it would be wise to have you safely spirited out of Paris?

KING
Maybe you're right. But who would sit on the throne in my absence?

COUNT DE MONET
We'll find a double and put him on the throne.

KING
Ahhh, and if the peasants want the King's head, we can give them head! Hmm, haa, hmm, haa, hmm, haa...a double...a double. Where are we gonna find such a good-looking guy?

COUNT DE MONET
What?!

KING
Shut up!

COUNT DE MONET
Wait!

KING
What?!

COUNT DE MONET
Look!

CUT TO:

THEIR P.O.V.
Jacques is attending the Knight, who is still on his papier * mache horse. Jacques holds his pail under the horse, and it makes a strange picture as the Knight begins to relieve himself. THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN on their P.O.V. of Jacques' face.

CUT BACK TO:

THE KING AND COUNT DE MONET
They can't believe their eyes. Except for the King's little moustache and beauty mark, he is a perfect double.

CONTINUED.....

COUNT DE MONET
Your Majesty, it is God's will! Except for the moustache and the beauty mark, there is our patsy... ah, heh, heh...double!

KING
Yes, good! Get him ready. He is to replace me at the first sign of trouble.

COUNT DE MONET
Immediately, sire.

Count De Monet EXITS THE FRAME. *

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT--JACQUES AND THE KNIGHT

Count De Monet ENTERS THE FRAME. *

COUNT DE MONET
Garcon, I want a word with you.

JACQUES
Just as soon as I am finished.

COUNT DE MONET
You're finished! Come with me!

JACQUES
(to the Knight)
I'm finished.

Jacques EXITS THE FRAME with Count De Monet. The Knight/horse * continues to pee. It is making a strange picture.

CUT TO:

THE KING *
He hands his gun to a waiting servant.

KING
Have them re-do the bore. I'm drifting to the left, and I don't like it.

WE FOLLOW the King as he quietly steps behind ONE OF THE LADIES OF THE COURT, who is bent over picking flowers at the base of the raised platform. He raises the back of her skirt and gives her a little bang in the ass. She is startled.

CONTINUED.....

COURT LADY
Ooooh!

KING
'Ey, Marie, how's it goin'?

(to himself, walking away)
It's good to be the King.

As he walks away, he opens up his snuff box. From his vest pocket he takes a small straw and sniffs quickly with each nostril.

KING
Mmmm...the grass is so green...

From O.S. WE HEAR a delicate feminine voice.

VOICE (O.S.)
Your Majesty, may I have a word with you?

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V.

He sees a beautiful girl. It is Mademoiselle Rimbaud. She approaches him.

KING
Sure. Want a hit?

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
No, merci.

He clicks shut the snuff box and puts it in his vest pocket.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Your Majesty, for the last ten years my father has languished in the Bastille. If I don't get him out soon, he will surely die. I throw myself on your mercy. Please, release him!

KING
Why was your father imprisoned? What did he do?

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
He said something at a royal dinner party and someone overheard him.

KING
What did he say?

CONTINUED.....

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
He said, "the poor ain't so bad."

KING
Pouilly Fousse! You're lucky he's still alive!

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Please, Your Majesty, don't let him die! I'll do anything to gain his pardon...anything!

KING
(slurping)
Anything?

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
(lowering her head)
Your Majesty, I was raised in a convent. I don't put out. *

KING
You don't put out, he don't get out.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
But, I've...I've never done that.

KING
C'mannn...who're you kiddin'? You do it. You do it. We all do it. Everybody does it. Don't tell me you don't do it. You're dying to do it. I know you do it. I do it. We all do it. I just did it and I'm ready to do it. Don't tell me you don't do it. I'll give you ten seconds to think it over. It's either hump or death. You do it or your father will die. Hump or death. *

The King starts wagging his fan and chanting in time.

KING
Hump...death. Hump...death. Hump...death. Hump...death. Hump...death. Hump...your time is running out! Hump...death. Hump...

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
All right, all right! Hump.

CONTINUED.....

KING
Good. Come to my bedroom at midnight.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
(curtsying)
Yes, your Majesty.

As she curtsies, she dabs at her eyes, which have begun to tear. She EXITS. The King calls out: *

KING
Come on, boys, we're going! *

Like puppies, The King's midget's COME FROM different directions to his side. The King counts them. * *

KING
Tartuffe, Marchè, Le Fevre, *
Le Muff...Le Muff! Where is
Le Muff?

WE HEAR A muffled voice. The King looks at a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, whose skirt is dancing busily. The King picks up his white megaphone and aims it towards the Woman's dress.

KING
Le Muff, are you in there?

The Woman raises her skirt and WE SEE Le Muff trapped beneath her hoop.

KING
Come on, get out of there!

LE MUFF
I'm sorry. It was dark.
I got lost.

The Woman lifts her hoop. Le Muff runs out from beneath it and follows the King. *

"ROYAL BANQUET" OUT

FADE OUT:

FADE UP ON:

CLOSE UP--WOODEN COFFIN

Crowbars ENTER THE FRAME and lift the lid off REVEALING, instead of a body, a load of muskets with bayonets attached. FROM O.S. WE HEAR the cackling laughter of Madame De Farge.

CONTINUED.....

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a meeting of the revolutionary committee in progress. The muskets are quickly passed out.

MADAME DE FARGE
We'll save the box for our beloved Louis.

She laughs and rocks.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

Gerard stands up.

GERARD
Madame, when do we strike?

MADAME DE FARGE
We strike at dawn!

They all CHEER.

MADAME DE FARGE
Yes, the dawn of a new day, of a new civilization! Has the slogan committee captured the essence of what we are fighting and dying for? Is the slogan ready?

GERARD
Yes, our slogan is ready! We've put it on a banner.

MADAME DE FARGE
Roll out the banner!

The banner is rolled out.

MADAME DE FARGE
(reading the banner)
Liberte! Egalite! Chicken!

A hush falls over the group.

MADAME DE FARGE
It's good...needs work but it's good! All right, things are going well.

CONTINUED.....

MADAME DE FARGE (Contd)
In cities and towns all over France, the peasants are being armed for what is destined to be the greatest revolution known to man! Yes, the time has come to storm the Palace. Let us bear arms!

The Citizens stand up and bare their arms.

MADAME DE FARGE (Contd)
No, you dopes! Get the guns! Let's go!

CUT TO:

THE KING'S CHAMBERS--NIGHT

Jacques is dressed like the King. He sits in a chair as * Count De Monet pencils in the last half of his "W" moustache.

COUNT DE MONET
And now for the beauty mark.

He stabs Jacques' cheek with a make-up pencil. The force of * it bangs Jacques' head against the back of the chair.

JACQUES
But, Count De Money, this is... *

COUNT DE MONET
(big)
De Monet! De Monet!

JACQUES
Yes, whatever. But this is ridiculous. I can't behave like a king. I don't know the first thing about king things.

Jacques gets to his feet and tries to walk in his new high * heels. He walks on the insides of his shoes.

JACQUES
Look! I can't even walk like a king. Why is it so important that I imitate the King?

COUNT DE MONET
It's very simple. Recently there has been talk of a revolution, and if this revolution should succeed, the first thing the people will do is cut off the King's head.

CONTINUED.....

COUNT DE MONET (Contd)
But if the King has a double, the King can remain in safety while they cut off the double's head.

JACQUES
AHHH! OHHH! The double! That's me! No wonder you were so good to me! I'm very nervous! I suddenly have to pee! Garcon, garcon de pisse! Yes, who calls? Let me get my pail! No, that's me! Oh, oh, I...the sky is falling! The sky is falling!

There is a KNOCK O.S. at the door.

JACQUES
It's the revolution! They've come for my head!

(shouting at the door)
There's no kings in here!

COUNT DE MONET
Quiet, you fool! Hide in the bathroom. I'll see who it is.

Jacques GOES INTO the bathroom and closes the door behind him. Count De Monet goes to the bedroom door and opens it. Mademoiselle Rimbaud is there. She rips open her bodice, revealing her white breasts to him.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
All right, ravage me! Take me, Your Majesty! A bargain is a bargain.

Count De Monet raises his hands, reaching for her breasts.

COUNT DE MONET
All right.

She opens her eyes, realizes her mistake and covers herself.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Wait! You're not the King.

De Monet, with his hands caught in mid-air, turns them over and says:

COUNT DE MONET
True. But you're in the right place. The King is temporarily indisposed. Won't you come in?

CONTINUED.....

She curtsies and ENTERS. Count De Monet closes the door behind her, slipping the bolt closed as he does so. She goes to the window and looks out. She cries softly. She is in between the window and a beautiful, white marble bust of King Louis Quatorze.

COUNT DE MONET
You seem troubled, my dear.
What is it?

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
I'm upset because I've made a very difficult decision. I've decided to trade my virginity for my father's freedom and submit to the King's lustful wants.

COUNT DE MONET
Oh, my poor dear. Here, let me comfort you.

He approaches her and puts his hand on her beautiful, white shoulder. He is very excited. His hand begins to slide down to the front of her dress. The other hand tries to turn her head to kiss her. In a burst of sorrow, she moves away and says:

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
There is no comfort at a time like this!

It's too late for Count De Monet to stop his move. He kisses the marble bust instead, banging his nose and mouth against the hard white marble.

COUNT DE MONET
(to himself, feeling his tooth)
Chipped.

In the meantime, Mademoiselle Rimbaud has opened the French doors and has walked out onto the balcony.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, this is the saddest night of my life!

She starts to dab at her eyes with a handkerchief. She drops it and bends over to pick it up. Count De Monet's eyes are fixated on the shape of her gorgeous derriere outlined beneath her satin dress.

CONTINUED.....

COUNT DE MONET
And the happiest night of mine!

He springs forward, aiming himself straight at her attractive, bent-over form. Unfortunately for Count De Monet, Mademoiselle Rimbaud retrieves her handkerchief, stands up and steps to the side. He cannot stop himself. His darting pelvis crashes into the balcony railing, flipping him over into the darkness and out of sight. Mademoiselle Rimbaud comes into the room.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
So, you see, Count...Count?

WE HEAR O.S. behind her Count De Monet, in a broken whisper.

COUNT DE MONET (O.S.)
Yes, my dear?

CUT TO:

HER P.O.V.
Count De Monet is climbing back over the railing.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD (O.S.)
What happened?

CUT TO:

TIGHTER SHOT--COUNT DE MONET
His hat and wig are askew. He is wet with dew and he is covered with leaves, soil and vines.

COUNT DE MONET
I just wanted to fetch a rose to somehow assuage your grief. It is a token of my compassion.

As he says this, one of the thorns on the rose catches him under the chin.

COUNT DE MONET
Aghhhhh!

(to himself, quietly, feeling his chin)
Blood.

He then clambers over the railing and re-enters the room.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT--THE BEDROOM

CONTINUED.....

COUNT DE MONET
Why don't you lie down, my dear? You look exhausted.

Count De Monet grabs onto the edge of a chair to steady himself.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, well, maybe for a moment.

She lies on the bed.

COUNT DE MONET
Do you know what does wonders for someone in a depressed state? A nice, soothing massage.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
I don't know...

She turns on her stomach, burying her face in the pillow, and weeps.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
This is all so much...

As she cries, Count De Monet pushes the desk over to the foot of the bed and climbs up on it. He speaks.

COUNT DE MONET
Trust me, my dear, I know what's best in these situations. What you need is kindness and affection to get you over this emotional... HUMP!

He leaps off the desk down at her form. At this precise moment, she rolls out of bed, saying:

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do?

She is gone just as Count De Monet hits the bed at the exact moment where Mademoiselle Rimbaud was just a moment ago. The bed acts as a trampoline and he is immediately shot into the air and out of sight as he disappears into the canopy at the top of the bed. Jacques RE-ENTERS from the bathroom.

JACQUES
Count De Money?

CONTINUED.....

WE HEAR O.S. the muffled voice of Count De Monet.

COUNT DE MONET
Monet!

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
He was here a moment ago.

Jacques is puzzled. He doesn't know who the girl is and why she is there.

JACQUES
Oh! Uh...what can I do for you?

With tears in her eyes, she approaches him. When she is only inches away, she again rips open her bodice, revealing her beautiful breasts.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Ravage me! A bargain is a bargain!

Jacques is stunned. He doesn't quite know what to do.

JACQUES
Gee, I...I just ate.

She leans back on the desk in a seductive and inviting pose. She dramatically throws her arms over her face.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Take me, your Majesty, take me! Do with me what you will! Despoil me, humiliate me, only do it, do it, get it over with!

JACQUES
Shouldn't we talk first? Don't ya even wanna know names?

She sits up on the desk.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
But, your Majesty, I don't understand. You said if I let you have your way with me that you'd let my father out of the dungeon.

JACQUES
Is that what I said? Well, I don't know what's happening to me. My memory is so bad these days.

CONTINUED.....

He sits her down on a chaise lounge near the window. She modestly covers her breasts with her torn bodice.

JACQUES
You're only doing this because you want to get your father out of prison...right?

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Yes.

JACQUES
Well, you're so upset, why don't we just say we did it and we'll get your father out of prison, anyhow.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
I don't understand, your Majesty. How could you be such a despicable lech in the afternoon and such a kind, compassionate and generous human being tonight?

JACQUES
(his mouth open)
.....Blame it on the moon.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, your Majesty!

He goes to the desk, opens the drawer, takes out a sheet of parchment, dips a plumed quill into the inkwell and begins writing.

JACQUES
(writing furiously)
What's your father's name?

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Papa.

JACQUES
No, I mean your last name.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh! Rimbaud.

JACQUES
(writing)
Good, good.

Jacques finishes writing and signs the paper with a flourish.

CONTINUED.....

JACQUES
(to himself)
Louis the fifteenth.

He counts on his fingers for a moment.

JACQUES
The sixteenth.

He counts on his fingers again.

JACQUES
No, the fifteenth. No, the sixteenth!

He puts the pen down. He hands the paper to Mademoiselle Rimbaud. *

JACQUES
Here, take this to the officer in charge of the dungeon. He'll release your father.

She takes the paper.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, your Majesty, how can I ever thank you for this?

JACQUES
Please, it's the least I can do.

He walks her to the door and opens it. She starts to leave, stops and turns.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
But, you've been so generous, so kind, is there nothing I can do to show my gratitude?

JACQUES
It's all right.

She offers one of her breasts and says:

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Would you like to hold one? Tit for tat!

JACQUES
Oh, thanks, but it's so late, I...

She starts to go, stops and turns again.

CONTINUED.....

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Perhaps a quickie in the doorway?

Jacques is flustered.

JACQUES
No! No thanks! It's very kind of you.

She starts to leave once more and turns. She clutches the paper tightly to her. She kisses the paper. She moves the paper up and down and says:

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
If you've got some hand lotion...

JACQUES
NO!!! THANKS!

Jacques pushes her out and slams the door. Behind him WE SEE * the Count's body fall from the canopy onto the bed. Jacques turns, startled by the noise.

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V.
Count De Monet slowly gets off the bed and painfully makes his way toward the door.

COUNT DE MONET
Hurt...badly hurt...

He opens the door and EXITS.

CUT TO:

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD'S CELL--BASTILLE
He is a frail, OLD MAN dressed in rags with stringy, white hair. His cell is lined with many bird cages. The birds * have obviously kept him company over the long years of imprisonment. On the back of his tattered shirt is his name, * "RIMBAUD," and the number "107."

CUT TO:

CLOSER SHOT

WE SEE Monsieur Rimbaud speaking to one of his beloved birds, hidden somewhere in a dark cage.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
Ahhh, no song for me today, Pierre? What's the matter, cat got your tongue?

There is no response from the bird. He reaches in and pulls out a cat.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
Ohhh, yes, I was right. Cat got your tongue, your beak, your eyes, your feet, everything. Not so lucky, Pierre.

He throws the cat out through the bars of his cell. It leaves with a "Rowrrr!" WE HEAR the sound of a bolt sliding back. WE HEAR O.S. the Guard's voice.

GUARD (O.S.)
He's in there.

The door to Monsieur Rimbaud's cell slowly opens. Mademoiselle Rimbaud ENTERS. They look at each other, too stunned to speak. Monsieur Rimbaud finally finds his tongue.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
Look, my little feathered friends! Look! A beautiful young lady has come to visit us. It's been so long since we've seen such a beautiful woman.

He starts toward her, his outstretched hands trembling. He continues:

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
Such a vision! Such hair, such lips, such eyes, such legs, such brea...

CONTINUED.....

Monsieur Rimbaud begins to salivate slightly.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
(interrupting him)
Father!

He stops dead in his tracks and stares at her.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
Whoa! What the hell's the matter with you?! Why don't ya say "family!" "Family!" When ya come into a man's cell! We could've had a very embarrassing incident here!

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, my darling father, I have good news. I have gained the King's pardon. You're free!

He cries. He begins to sob with joy.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
Oh, I can't believe it after so many years. Free! Do you hear me, my little wing-ed darlings? Free, free! And so you shall be free, too!

He goes to the cages and opens all the doors. One by one, he takes out the birds and launches them through the bars. And one by one they hit the ground, stone dead.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Hurry, Father, let's leave before the King changes his mind.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
Yes, yes!

CUT TO:

EXT.--EARLY MORNING--FRENCH REVOLUTION STOCK FOOTAGE *

CUT TO:

INTERIOR--KING'S CHAMBERS

Jacques cannot sleep. FROM O.S. WE HEAR the muffled sounds of the mob surging through the Palace grounds.

JACQUES
I can't sleep! It's ridiculous! Fireworks! All night, fireworks! What the hell's so special about the fourteenth of July?

CONTINUED.....

The door bursts open. Mademoiselle Rimbaud RUSHES IN.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Your Majesty, quick! Through the back door.

JACQUES
No! No! I've never done it that way, and I never will!

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
You don't understand. It's the revolution. It's here. They're storming the Palace. You've got to escape through the back door.

JACQUES
Oh, I misunderstood. I'm sorry. Who's that?

CUT TO:

JACQUES' P.O.V.

WE SEE Monsieur Rimbaud walking in.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, this is my father, Monsieur Rimbaud, the man you pardoned.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
(in a shaky voice)
Thank you, your Highness, thank you!

He takes Jacques' hand, bows and kisses it. Then:

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
I thought I'd never live to see the day when, once more, I would taste the sweet joy of liberty and freedom, where I could once more see the meadow... *

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
All right good fine all right, LATER, Dad!

FROM O.S. WE HEAR the sounds of musket fire suddenly grow louder.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Hurry! Follow me. *

They open the door and are greeted by the sight of Count De Monet and FOUR HENCHMEN in the entranceway, blocking their path. * *

CONTINUED.....

COUNT DE MONET
What's this? The King deserting the Palace like a rat leaving a sinking ship?

JACQUES
Look, I said I'd pretend to be the King for a little while, but the joke is over! I'm leaving.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
So you're not the King!

JACQUES
No, I'm really Jacques, the garcon de pisse!

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
No wonder I fell in love with you!

COUNT DE MONET
I'm sorry, your Majesty. The people demand a king and, so, we must provide them with a king...whether he's alive or dead!

Count De Monet speaks to his men.

COUNT DE MONET (Contd)
Take him. If he resists, kill him. As a matter of fact, kill them all. They know too much.

JACQUES *
Wait! You just can't kill us in cold blood!

COUNT DE MONET
All right, we'll give you a sporting chance. Draw your sword!

JACQUES
Draw my sword!

Jacques whips his sword out, puts it on the desk, and begins * to make a drawing of his sword with pen and parchment.

JACQUES (Contd)
It's long, it's long, with a sharp point. And the handle, the handle is very busy...

CONTINUED.....

Jacques hands the drawing to the Count. He whips the drawing out of Jacques' hand with his sword. Jacques speaks: *

JACQUES (Contd)
All right, there comes a time when a man must fight for his dignity, his honor, no matter how great the odds.

He hands the sword to Monsieur Rimbaud.

JACQUES
Give 'em hell, Harry.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
But my father, he's old, he can't...

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
I will do my best.

The weight of the sword throws him off balance. He begins to totter to the side.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
They've gotten heavier since I was a young man.

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Jacques, do something. Hurry!

He takes the sword from Monsieur Rimbaud.

JACQUES
All right, even a lowly nothing, a filthy coward, a spineless rat must some time in his life make a stand against injustice.

He leaps forward, singing his own background music at the top of his lungs.

JACQUES
BA, BA! Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba!

Count De Monet's men are stunned. They are thrown back in confusion by the boldness of Jacques' attack. De Monet counters with his own background music as he rushes forward to attack.

COUNT DE MONET
(one key higher)
BA, BA! Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba!

CONTINUED.....

Jacques is temporarily moved back by Count De Monet's furious sword fighting and singing. But Jacques is undaunted. He sings a bold phrase and moves in again to attack.

JACQUES
Taran, tump, tump! Taran,
taran, taran, tump, tump!

Count De Monet quickly gets the tune and responds in kind.

COUNT DE MONET
(one key higher)
Taran, tump, tump! Taran,
taran, taran, tump, tump!

Jacques sings a glorious melody and Count De Monet does a counterpoint until they lock swords at the end of the phrase and sing one sensational note in harmony together. Jacques beautifully twists Count De Monet's sword away. De Monet is amazed as he picks up his sword.

COUNT DE MONET
Well done! I'm amazed to
discover that a lowly garcon
de pisse has such a terrific
voice!

JACQUES
Merci.

COUNT DE MONET
(once again moving forward)
What a pity to end such a
promising new career.
(then, to his Men)
Low vamp--B flat.

To his men, Count De Monet indicates "forward together." They all sing as one, in a low bass staccato vamp.

COUNT DE MONET/MEN
Bum, bum, bum, bum!
Bum, bum, bum, bum!
Bum, bum, bum, bum!
Bum, bum, bum, bum!

The melody and the enemy's vamp modulate at the same time. Jacques is driven against the wall by Count De Monet and his men.

CONTINUED.....

Jacques spies a satin cord that holds up a huge wooden chandelier hanging directly above De Monet and his aides. Jacques yells to Mademoiselle and Monsieur Rimbaud.

JACQUES
Quick! Gimme a big cord--TENSION! *

They both sing a piercing, high tremolo just as Jacques is * about to be run through. Jacques takes a vicious swipe at the cord and cuts it in half. The chandelier comes crashing down, narrowly missing Count De Monet, but crushing his four Aides.

CUT TO:

COUNT DE MONET

COUNT DE MONET
(under his breath)
Things going wrong. Time for bye bye.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT

Count De Monet pulls a cord. A secret panel opens in the * bedroom wall. He darts through it. Jacques immediately takes after him, followed by Mademoiselle and Monsieur Rimbaud.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR--DARK PASSAGEWAY

Jacques catches up with De Monet at the far exit of the passageway. Once more they begin dueling. The duel moves into a strange, unfamiliar place. FROM O.S. WE HEAR our Narrator's voice.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Not only was it a duel of wills, but in a far greater sense it was a struggle between royalty and the rights of man. Who would gain the inevitable victory?

THE CAMERA MOVES TO A NEW ANGLE, REVEALING the Narrator seated on a stool, reading from a script that rests on a lectern. Behind him WE SEE, in a modern recording booth, TWO ENGINEERS busily at work balancing his voice. In the foreground, the fight continues viciously.

CONTINUED.....

Jacques and De Monet are too busily engaged with each other to notice the dramatic change in environment. Mademoiselle and Monsieur Rimbaud, however, are a little confused by the "future" setting. Nevertheless, they are primarily concerned with the duel. Count De Monet retreats to the far end of the studio to a door with a red exit sign above it. As he reaches the door, once more the Narrator's voice is HEARD.

NARRATOR
Jacques, who represents the common man, or the infamous Count De Money...

COUNT DE MONET
De Monet!

NARRATOR
Sorry. De Monet...the Count, because of his superior swordsmanship, was certain to be the winner.

COUNT DE MONET
Ah, hah, ah, hah, ah, hah!

NARRATOR
However...

COUNT DE MONET
Ohhh...

NARRATOR
Through a quirk of fate the duel would end with the Count's death.

COUNT DE MONET
(hearing this)
OH, SHIT!

He opens the door behind him and RUSHES OUT of the studio. Jacques and the Rimbauds follow.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR--GRAND SALON OF THE PALACE *

As Jacques comes running into the room, he doesn't see Count De monet waiting behind the door--waiting to kill him.

COUNT DE MONET
Sometimes even narrators can be wrong.

CONTINUED.....

Jacques comes running in. Count De Monet knocks Jacques' sword out of his hand, closes the door and begins to lunge at Jacques. Jacques rushes to a suit of armor which holds a * sword near the door. He tries to get the sword out of the armor, to no avail.

JACQUES
(to the armor)
Could I please have your...just for a second...I promise I'll give it right back.

Count De Monet lunges at Jacques, who uses the armor as a shield. The Count grabs the armor and pulls it away, exposing Jacques.

COUNT DE MONET
And now, let us say goodbye to the garcon de pisse.

He starts to lunge. At the same time WE HEAR Mademoiselle Rimbaud scream:

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Jacques!

--as she throws open the door. Unfortunately for the Count, the suit of armor was placed just in front of the fast-opening door. As the door bangs into the armor, the arm with the sword in it drops down and the sword is shoved forward into the Count De Monet.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--COUNT DE MONET
He is dismayed.

COUNT DE MONET
Now that's bad luck, plain bad luck!

He crashes to the floor, dead. Jacques and the Rimbauds walk over and look down at him. Jacques and Monsieur Rimbaud take their hats off. The three of them sing in harmony.

CONTINUED.....

THREE OF THEM
Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom!
Bom, bom, bom, bom!

They put their hats back on their heads and, suddenly, from the ground, Count De Monet sings a last death rattle finishing chord.

COUNT DE MONET
Da, da, da, da, rum bum!

He is finally dead. Suddenly the doors burst open and the mob RUSHES IN. They are led by Madame De Farge. Baguette is at her side and TWO MEN carry her rocking chair behind her.

MADAME DE FARGE
There he is! Seize him!

JACQUES
Wait! You don't understand...

Madame De Farge turns to the mob.

MADAME DE FARGE
And how many times have we heard <u>that</u> clichè?

She indicates to the Men carrying her chair.

MADAME DE FARGE
Put it there.

They put her chair where she indicates. She sits and begins to rock.

MADAME DE FARGE
In the name of the people of France, we place you, Louis, King of France, under arrest!

JACQUES
But, dot, dot, dot, I am <u>not</u> the King!

MADAME DE FARGE
But, dot, dot, dot, bullshit! Take him away. Take them <u>all</u> away!

They take them away. Jacques protests as he is led out.

CONTINUED.....

JACQUES
You don't understand! I'm the garcon de pisse! Oh, shit... *

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT--TOWN SQUARE--DAY
Set in the square WE SEE a platform upon which is mounted the dreaded guillotine. The platform is surrounded by hundreds of eager CITIZENS waiting to see the nobility get their heads chopped off. Along with the other Noblemen, Jacques and the Rimbauds wait on the platform. A NOBLEMAN is dragged to the block. His head is shoved down and locked into place beneath the heavy, giant blade. THE CAMERA DRIFTS OFF to a row of snare drums. The Drummers roll out a deadly tattoo on their drums.

CUT TO:

BLACK-LEATHER-GLOVED HAND OF THE EXECUTIONER
His hand reaches for a wooden lever that holds the rope supporting the huge blade of the guillotine. The hand thrusts the lever up, releasing the rope. WE HEAR a terrible thud as the blade comes crashing down on the Nobleman's neck.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT--THE CROWD
They cheer.

CUT TO:

THE PLATFORM
The Nobleman's body has been removed. WE SEE Jacques being prepared for beheading.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT--THE PLATFORM
Jacques is led forward to the guillotine. The crowd cheers.

CUT TO:

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD

MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD
Oh, Jacques! Oh, Jacques!

He turns back to her.

CONTINUED.....

JACQUES
Courage, my dear. Watch me and take heart by my example. I may not have been born a king or lived like a king, but I can die like a king!

A CITIZEN/OFFICIAL approaches Jacques. *

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
Your Majesty, you're next. Do you need a blindfold?

JACQUES
No, no thank you.

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
Do you have any last requests?

JACQUES
Just one.

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
What is it?

JACQUES
I'd like a shot of Novocaine.

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
What?

The Citizen/Official talks to The EXECUTIONER and OTHERS among themselves.

JACQUES
(pointing to his neck)
I'd like one here and one here and one here...

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
I'm sorry, your Majesty, we don't have any.

JACQUES
All right, I'll wait.

He sits down on a keg and starts to whistle. He is immediately seized by TWO GUARDS and moved towards the block of the guillotine.

GUARDS
(ad lib)
Come on, come on...

CONTINUED.....

JACQUES
Wait a minute! Don't I get any last words?

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
All right, all right...

JACQUES
In the beginning, there was darkness and then there was light, and God said...

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
Wait a minute! We said a few last words, not the whole Bible!

CUT TO:

THREE SHOT--JACQUES, MONSIEUR & MADEMOISELLE RIMBAUD

Monsieur Rimbaud speaks to Mademoiselle Rimbaud.

MONSIEUR RIMBAUD
And he said we would die like a king!

Jacques overhears him.

JACQUES
I heard that! I am dying like a king. This is how kings die. They shit in their pants. I don't mind helping out the French Revolution. Believe me, I'm all for it. But I don't wanna die! I know this is a big step forward for the rights of man and I'd gladly give my life for it, but I don't wanna die! Death hurts!

His voice cracks.

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
Seize him! Stop him! Put his head on the block.

The Guards grab him.

JACQUES
Wait a minute! You can't!

CITIZEN/OFFICIAL
Why not?

JACQUES
(cracking up)
Because...because to...ohhh,
Jesus...ohhh, shit...because...
I don't...I don't wanna die!
Wowowowo...

Jacques is led to the guillotine. He is forced to kneel down and his neck is placed on the block.

CUT TO:

THE DRUMMERS
They raise their sticks and, once more, WE HEAR the ominous drum roll prelude to death.

CUT TO:

THE HUGE, GLEAMING BLADE AT THE TOP OF THE GUILLOTINE

CUT TO:

THE EXECUTIONER'S HAND
Once more it reaches up toward the wooden handle that releases the blade. Just as it grabs the handle, WE HEAR O.S. the sounds of a horse and wheels.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT
WE SEE a Roman cart, pulled by Sultan, charging through the crowd. At the reins is JOSEPHUS, Jacques' black buddy from "The Roman Empire." The cart pulls up at the platform.

JOSEPHUS
C'mon, baby, it's time to split!

The crowd is stunned. Jacques and the Rimbauds take advantage of the confusion. Jacques hops into the cart, quickly followed by the Rimbauds. Josephus starts Sultan off with a resounding "thwack" of the reins and they are off. The crowd is still trying to make sense out of the juxtaposed eras.

CUT TO:

THE CART
It's making its way out of the square and is heading for the countryside. Josephus is urging Sultan onward.

CONTINUED.....

"THE FRENCH REVOLUTION"/50

JACQUES
How did you do it? How did you get here all the way from the Roman Empire?

JOSEPHUS
Don't be square, mon cher! Movies is magic!

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT--THE CART

JACQUES
(spies something O.S.)
Oh, oh! We'd better kiss. *

JOSEPHUS
Why?

JACQUES
(pointing O.S.)
We're coming to the end.

CUT TO:

THEIR P.O.V.

About 100 yards down the road, WE SEE a billboard that reads: "HISTORY OF THE WORLD - PART I" "THE END." *

CUT BACK TO:

THE CART

Josephus starts to kiss Jacques, who does a sputtering kiss take.

JACQUES
(to Josephus)
Not you!
(to Mademoiselle Rimbaud)
You!

He turns and starts to kiss her. He spies Josephus looking over.

JACQUES
Drive, Josephus, drive!

Josephus and Mademoiselle Rimbaud kiss.

CUT BACK TO:

THE BILLBOARD

WE FREEZE FRAME on "THE END." *